

THE
Coal-Hole of CUPID;
A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS:

Now published for the Entertain-
ment of all those

B U C K S,

Who would render themselves agreeable to the

F A I R,

When in Midnight Conversation!

L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR, M,DCC,LXVIII.

[Price 1s, 7½d.]

THE

Cor. Hole of Cards

A

COLLECTION

OF

SONGS

Now printed for the Entertain-
ment of all those

BUCKS

Who would render themselves agreeable to the

FAIR

At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

LONDON

Printed by J. DODD, M.DCCCLXVIII.

1768

A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

SONG I. *To the Reader.*

To any tune you can find will suit it.

ACCEPT of these ballads, dear fir, from a friend;
From an oddity, whom, or to blame or commend,
No mortal e'er gave himself trouble.
Praise is but a vapour, and censure the same,
And each lunatic schemer, who pines after fame,
But makes himself vanity's bubble.

This scribbling, this pen-and-in kitch, is a crime,
Yet heaven forgive each poor sinner in rhyme,
I no more can help writing than eating.
By a mad poet bit I rave out in verse,
As 'prentices, crack-brain'd, theatric rehearse,
All be BARRY'd, OTHELLO repeating.

PARNASSUS and PEGASUS, cold HIPPOCRENE,
 Are words only form'd to give school-boys the spleen,
 By the curl-pated pedant APOLLO.
 Let the nine muses slide o'er the smooth-shav'n glades,
 No aid I'll accept from these tea drinking maids,
 But BACCHUS with bumpers I'll follow.

The Epic, Iambic, Pindaric and Sapphic,
 Are patterns of poetry wherewith bards traffick,
 With many more names that are harder.
 But what are all these to a beef and wine feast?
 The dainties of HESIOD and HOMER's a jest,
 Compar'd to the wit of a larder.

That, I always prefer to a classical treat,
 Not cur-like, the shadow exchange for the meat,
 There's more wit in eating than thinking.
 Pray what are all families, to a sirloin?
 Or the what-d'ye-call stream, to a stream of good wine?
 For merit is center'd in drinking.

The choice-spirit HORACE has made us some verses,
 And rustical *Roundelays* VIRGIL rehearſes,
 To be ſure they have ſaid ſome things clever.
 But what are all rhimes to a round of good toaſts,
 And then for their metaphors--we've boil'd and roaſt,
 So beef and a bumper for ever.

SONG 2. PLATO's Advice.

SAYS PLATO, why ſhould man be vain!
 Since bounteous Heaven has made him great;
 Why does he look with ſuch diſdain,
 On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
 Can coſtly robes or beds of down,
 And all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
 In duſt without diſtinction lie.

[3]

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore ;
Their wealth and glory is bereft,
And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train,
When shot, 'tis gone ; its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay :
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls,
When Jove he calls we must away.

S O N G 3.

To the tune of the foregoing song.

FILL, fill the bowl with sparkling wine,
The joyous rich repast prepare ;
Drink, drink, my friends, and ne'er repine,
Of fortune's frowns let others share :
Those she exalts are but her sport,
The play-things of her fickle mind ;
And those who must her favours court,
Are in her gifts the most behind.

Then unconcern'd, let life glide on,
Let mirth employ the present hour,
For e'er to-morrow's rising sun,
The fates may snatch it from our pow'r.
Drink on, and push the glasses round,
Let hope to-day prevent despair ;
Let mirth, and joy, and wine abound,
To-morrow is not worth our care.

S O N G 4. NANCY PIPER.

WHEN heart and head are crack'd with care,
With more than heart or head can bear,
There's nothing can those cracks repair,
Like this my NANCY PIPER.

What is man without his mate,
JACK for **GILL**, and **TOM** for **KATE**,
 Each for each was form'd by fate,
 And I for **NANCY PIPER**.

A bowl of punch will make you gay,
 But when the fumes are past away,
 Your joys are gone, your sorrows stay,
 Not so with **NANCY PIPER**.

In her the best ingredients meet,
 Not weak and sou'r, and strong and sweet,
 But best refin'd, and spirits neat,
 Are found in **NANCY PIPER**.

Old time, that thief, will steal your prime,
 To steal from him will be no crime,
 Of all his cares, let's cheat old time,
 By help of **NANCY PIPER**.

Then come my **NANCY** trip away,
 To morrow's grief will kill to day,
 And drive out care with dance and play,
 And thus we'll pay the **PIPER**.

SONG 5. *The Admonition.*

Tune: Sure a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen,

TO you that are lovers these lines I address,
 Attend to my song, would you woo with success,
 Nor you ye bright females my boldness despise,
 Since all must be bold—to approach your bright eyes.

First mark well her humour, if serious or gay,
 If she's mostly inclin'd to her dress or to play,
 Indulge her in each, for from this you will find,
 She'll approve your addresses, and sooner be kind.

If fond of her beauty, her passion is praise,
 By some gentle forget your merit you'll raise;

There

There sing of her lips, her bright eyes and her hair;
And tell her not VENUS with her can compare.

Should some rival toast her dread envy provoke,
Rail with her,—then laugh in your sleeve at the joke,
If she's partial, to please her and flutter her pride,
(Tho' 'gainst your own conscience)—Be still on her side.

These rules if observ'd will your passion befriend,
For all female sense is but pride in the end;
And this is the text, what they like or despise,
The same you must censure, the same seem to prize.

SONG 6.

*The Country Wake: introduc'd by Mr. CORRY in the
pantomime of the Fair, performed at the theatre-royal
in Crow-street; but never before printed.*

COME lasses and lads, take leave of your dads;
Away to the may-pole hie;
For every he has got him a she,
And a fidler standing by:
There's WILLY has got his JILL, and JOHNNY has
got his JOAN,
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and down.

Begin says HARRY, aye, aye, says MARY,
We'll lead up *Packington's pound*;
No, no, says NELL, and no says DOLL,
We'll first have *St. Leger's round*:
Then every man did put—his hat off to his lass,
And every maid did curtsy, curtsy, curtsy on the
grass.

Strike up says WAT, agreed says KATE,
I pray the fidler play;
Content says HODGE, and so says MADGE,
For this is a holiday:
Then every man began—to foot it round about,
And every maid did jetty it, jetty it, jetty it in and out.

You're out says DICK, you lie says NICK;
 The fidler plays it false;
 And so says HUGH, and so says SUE,
 And so says nimble ELSE:
 The fidler then began—to play the tune again,
 And every maid did trip it, trip it, trip it unto the men.

Let's kiss says NAN, content says JANE,
 And so says every she;
 How many says NAT? why three says MATT,
 For this is a maiden's fee:
 But they instead of three, did give them half a score,
 The men in kindness, kindness, kindness, gave them as
 many more.

Then after an hour, they went to a bower,
 To play for ale and cakes;
 And kisses too,—until they were due,
 The lasses held the stakes:
 The women then began—to quarrel with the men,
 And bid them take their kisses back and give them their
 own again.

Thus, thus they sat, until it was late,
 And tir'd the fidler quite:
 With singing and playing, without any paying,
 From morning until night:
 They told the fidler then, they'd pay him for his play,
 And each gave two pence, two pence, two pence, two
 pence, and went their way.

Good night says CISS, good night says PRISS,
 Good night says HARRY to DOLL;
 Good night says JOHN, good night says JOAN,
 Good night says every one:
 Some ran, some went, some staid; some tarry'd by the
 way;
 Each bound themselves in kisses twelve, to meet the
 next holiday.

SONG 7.

TECHNICAL, BIBBICAL, CLASSICAL *Ballad. Tune:*
Johnny Adair of Kilternan.

NOW we are free from college rules,
From systems out of season;
From lumber of the lying schools,
And syllogistic reason:
Never more we'll have defin'd,
If matter thinks or thinks not;
All the matter we shall mind,
Is he who drinks, or drinks not.

Metaphysical to trace,
The mind or soul abstracted;
Or prove infinity of space,
By cause on cause effected.
Better souls we can't become,
By immaterial thinking;
And as to space, we want no room,
But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
Are learned words, and rare too;
Those terms our tutors may discuss,
And those that please, may hear too.
A *plenum* is our wine we show,
With *plus* and *plus* behind, sir;
And when our cash is *minus* low,
A *vacuum* soon we find, sir.

NEWTON talk'd of lights and shades,
And different colours knew, sir;
Don't let us disturb our heads,
We will but study two, sir.
White and red our glasses boast,
True humour's rarefaction;
After him we'll name our toast,
The centre of attraction.

On that *thesis* we'll declaim,
 With *Stratum super stratum*;
 There's magic in the mighty name,
 'Tis nature's *postulatum*.
 Wine in nature's next to love,
 Then wisely let us blend 'em;
 First though physically prove,
 That *tempus est bibendum*.

S O N G 8.

Tune: Push about the brisk bowl.

BY the light of the moon t'other ev'ning I stray'd
 A mile by the side o'the brook;
 When ROGER stept up with, how do you, fair maid?
 I peevishly answer'd, go look—go look—
I peevishly answer'd, go look.

Nay, nay, he reply'd, why so angry with me?
 I know you meet ROBIN the cook;
 It may be you now are a waiting for he.
 In passion I answer'd, go look—go look— *&c.*

Quoth he, you love music, I've heard them to say;
 And out he an instrument took;——
 D'ye think, said he, BOB or I better can play?
 I answer'd him, fellow, go look—go look— *&c.*

But resolute grown, he seiz'd fast o'my hand,
 And forc'd me to sit down in the nook;
 And sweet, said he, tell me what tunes you command.
 You Puppy, I answer'd, go look—go look— *&c.*

But soon, with his flute, he so ravish'd my heart,
 That I never dreamt more of the cook;
 And those who imagine I've told but a part,
 For the rest of the story may look—may look— *&c.*

SONG 9.

*Entitled, BARBADOES VOLUNTIERS: by an officer of
the corps that went upon the expedition against Mar-
tinico.—To the same tune, as the foregoing song.*

MY lads of Barbadoes, remember your blood,
'Tis the blood of a foldier that warms you;
Remember, my lads, that your quarrel is good,
'Tis the cause of your country that arms you,
My boys, &c. &c.

Our brothers of Europe, by sea and by land,
All over the globe are victorious:
Hark! from us of Barbadoes an aid they demand,
And we too will dare to be glorious,
Brave boys, &c.

For shall we no more but our pedigree claim,
From heroes who figur'd of old?
We'll prove our descent by maintaining their fame;
By actions as hardy and bold,
Brave boys, &c.

To save Martinico, the trembling monsieurs
Their encroachments would gladly surrender;
But treacherous treaties, and falshood like theirs,
Now only true conquest can hinder,
Brave boys, &c.

Then haste, my brave boys, glorious MONCTON to join,
Already the army is near;
The season for us and for seamen is fine,
'Tis the foe has a tempest to fear,
Brave boys, &c.

Then, lads of Barbadoes, remember your blood,
'Tis the blood of a foldier that warms you;
Remember, my lads, that your quarrel is good,
'Tis the cause of your country that arms you,
My boys, &c.

SONG 10.

CUPID, you sneaking young dog, I despise you,
 Fly from this spot—like a friend I advise you;
 Pox o' your quiver, you fool, we don't fear it;
 We are defended by champaign and claret.

*Sing, buzza, be jolly, be frolicksome here,
 We've nothing to think of, so nothing to fear.*

He that is heavily laden with sorrow,
 Adds to the burthen by thoughts of to-morrow;
 Reason and gravity buckle behind ye,
 Tricks of the sophisters only to blind ye.—&c.

Look at our motto there, *Nunc est bibendum*;
 Those that are sick, why the bottle must mend 'em;
 He that's a bankrupt, why let him heed nought on't;
 This is the centre to bury the thought on't.—&c.

Come, charge for a toast now, my choice, merry
 souls;
 Good lord! how I love to see bumpers and howls!—
 Here's a health to king GEORGE the third, e'er I depart,
 And he that won't pledge me's a dog in his heart.—&c.

SONG 11. *The Chrystal Tear.*

WHAT means the tender sigh my dear,
 Why silent drops that chrystal tear,
 What jealous fears disturb thy rest,
 Where love and peace delights to rest?
 What tho' my JOCKEY has been seen,
 With MOLLY sporting on the green;
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove,
 The matchless force of JENNY's love

'Tis true, a nosegay I addrest,
 To grace the witty DAPHNE's breast,
 But was at her desire to try,
 If DAMON cast a jealous eye;

These

These flowers will fade by morning dawn,
Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn:
But in thy fragrant bosom lies,
A sweet perfume that never dies.

SONG 12. *A Hunting Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn;
The thrush melodious joins th' uncouth salute;
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves;
High soars the lark to meet the rising sun. —

AIR.

*Away to the copse, lead away,
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I warrant he shews us some play;
See yonder he skulks o'er the grounds! —
Give your coursers the spur then, and smoke 'em, my bloods,
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn;
What concert is equal to this of the woods,
'Twixt echo, the hound, and the horn.*

*Each earth, see, he tries at in vain;
The covert no safer can find;
See he breaks it, and scours amain,
And leaves us a distance behind. —
O'er rocks, hills and hedges, and rivers, we fly;
All bazards and dangers we scorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die: —
Chear up the good dogs with the horn. —*

*And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale;
See his brush, how it drops! — see his tongue! —
His speed can no longer avail;
Who of late was so cunning and strong. —
From our staunch and fleet pack, 'twas in vain that he
fled,
See they tear him, — bemir'd — forlorn —
The farmers, with pleasure, behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.*

SONG 13. To LAURA.

OLD and coarse, yet still a rover;
 Prone to change; fantastic dame! —
 In thy thought, why lives the lover?
 Wrinkl'd madam — fie, for shame! —

At fifteen years the blooming maid,
 With every glance a swain disarms:
 But cool'd by threescore summers shade,
 'Tis time to lay down useless arms.

Then fling your wash and paint aside;
 You never more can man controul. —
 Go, say your pray'rs, discard your pride;
 And cheat the D — l of a soul.

SONG 14.

COME bind my brows, ye wood-nymphs fair,
 With ivy wreaths come bind my brows;
 Hence grief and woe, and pain and care,
 To BACCHUS I devote my vows. —

Dull *Cynic* rules
 Are fit for tools;
 Let those digest the food who can:
 But love and wine
 Shall still be mine;
 O let me laugh out all my span.

No wounds, O love, e'er let me feel,
 But such as spring from eyes and shapes;
 A curse on those that come by steel;
 I hate all blood, but blood of grapes.
 Then fill up high
 The bowl, that I
 May drink and laugh at fools of sense.
 Why need we fear
 To want next year?
 'Twill be all one a hundred hence.

GRINNA:

A

BORLACE,

OR HUMORSOME

BURLESQUE BURLETTA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS piece was wrote as a burlesque on the *capital* Burletta people, who performed in London about three years since; among whom were the famous Madame NICOLINA and Madame SPILLETTA.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by COMUS.

AMIDST this gay circle, bright beams the fair race,
Each form's rich with gesture, each gesture with
grace;

Love laughs in their looks: Youth blooms in each cheek,
Sense speaks when they smile, and wit smiles when they
speak,

Gay dress'd daughters of beauty, ye sons of true taste,
This evening accept of a choice spirits feast.

I've call'd them together, this set I've selected,

By Comus this evening collation's directed;

Great Bacchus the Gay God of bumper's my fire,

Great Bacchus the fuel and life of love's fire;

Who bestows on the lover assurance to try,

And drowns in the lady all force to deny.

From him I'm descended, and thus spoke my father—

Go; call the chief sons of true humour together.

Let Harmony usher the things they shall say,

Be laughter attendant, and wit prompt the play;

But banish low quibble, and sing-song impure,

Poor personal satire, entendres obscure.

Let not ribaldry dare to offend the chaste ear,

Nor dullness, tho' e'en in Op'ra, appear;

Let mirth by the side of plain sense take her place,

And the comic muse smile undebauch'd by grimace;

Do not stamp the buffoon on the sterling of nature,

But the sense of each song be express'd in each feature.

'Twas thus he commanded, I this had to say,

Come, lads, let me see you know how to obey;

Ye social, harmonious choice spirits begin,

A moment be silent, ye fair, while they sing.

GRINNA;

GRINNA:

OR,

The CHOICE SPIRITS FEAST.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at a ven'son feast, at cricket won,
By lightfoot's nimble son:
Asleep in jocky state
The groom-like 'squire fate,
Nodding in elbow chair.
His brother bucks were plac'd around,
Their heads with unseam'd hunting caps were }
bound, }
So should each sportsman for the chace be crown'd.
Hark! the horn sounds away, away,
Aurora ushers in the day;
The op'ning hounds uncoupled view,
With deep-hung dewlaps dash the dew;
With swelling notes and head held back,
See the unharbour'd stag burst thro' the brake;
The high-bred horse shakes his air-waving main,
Stamps o'er the sounding earth, and scours along the
plain.

DUETT.

When Phoebus the tops of the hills does adorn, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The list'ning croud admir'd the song, horn ton'd,
Bravo! bravissimo! they shout around;
Below, the drawer's bravo back rebound.

}
Scar'd

Scar'd with the noise, young buck awakes,
 And stares at all his brother rakes;
 Then rubs his eyes, asks what's o'clock?
 Startled, he hears the watchman knock.
 Now silence thrice was call'd, and thrice 'twas broke,
 When in a fury thus young lightfoot spoke,
 Bring up the watchman, seize the vile invader;
 Then up they dragg'd the midnight serenader.
 When, lo! the figure of Old Time appears,
 His face was furrow'd with five thousand years.
 Down his smooth skull a single lock was hung,
 And feebly coughing, thus the glutton sung:

S O N G.

My friends pray break up now you've time,
 You'll repent if in vain you are told;
 Oh, why will not Bucks in their prime,
 Consider they are to grow old?

When the pale face of winter appears,
 And each late blossom'd tree tops with snow,
 Thus our heads, thinly spread with white hairs,
 Life's last wintry evening will show.

Like the maim'd from long dreadful campaigns
 You are mark'd, by debauch, full of scars,
 Sunken eyes, feeble limbs, bloodless veins,
 Palsy shaking, and seiz'd by catarrhs.

Then toothless ye mump, and ye moan,
 Your shrivell'd cheeks twisting about:
 Ye mumble, ye grumble, and groan,
 Then die as a candle goes out.

RECITATIVE.

As when the rising tempest rushing roars,
 Sweeps off the harvest, shakes the sounding shores;
 Red lightnings flash, seas bellow, thunder growls,
 The uproar reaching to the trembling poles.

Waves,

Waves, winds, rocks, rain, ships, sands and clouds
contend,

And shrieks and swearing the wide welking rend.

In dreadful din thus rose the drunken crew,

Pipes, glasses, bottles, punch bowls, flasks o'er-
threw;

They gagg'd the preacher, dash'd him to the
ground,

And in a pipe of claret, Time was drown'd.

Huzza young Lightfoot cry'd, while in our prime,

Claret can always kill the bugbear Time.

CHORUS.

The many rend the room with loud applause,

So Time was drown'd, and drinking won the cause.

SECOND ACT.

RECITATIVE.

THE praise of drinking, then the choicest spirit
sung.

SONG.

Come my lads, let to night be devoted to drink-
ing,

To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with thinking.

No more shall time preach, nor no more shall we
hear it,

For he's drown'd as he ought in a hoghead of claret.

Now time is no more, or no more can forbid us,

Of that troublesome guest a choice spirit has rid us;

Yet if time shou'd be wanting for any design,

Henceforth he is found in a hoghead of wine.

Since time is confin'd to our wine let us think
By this rule we are sure of our time when we drink;
Come,

Come, my bucks, let your glasses with bumpers be
 prim'd,
 Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

RECITATIVE.

Now the heart-raising horn at distance blew,
 Swift to the chace, away the sportsmen flew:
 Shouting they rend the air, each hill resounds,
 Loud neigh the steeds, and louder ope the
 hounds,
 From babbling eccho back the noise rebounds.
 Sooth'd with the sounds, young buck grew vain,
 And haunted every chace again,
 And cover thrice he broke; and thrice he flew the
 flain.

S O N G.

Here was a hare kill'd, and there a fox fell;
 Here a leap took wou'd startle a Cæsar;
 There they unharbour'd, and there rung his knell,
 And here it was hit off, hark forward to Teizer.
 Then they their bumpers above-head advancing,
 All fell to singing, and then fell to dancing.

Wonder and plunder, shrill Thunder and Sue,
 Blueman and Trueman, with Ringwood and Row-
 ler;
 Sweetlips the babbler, and Tulip so true,
 With Darling and Starling, and Tatler and Trow-
 ler.

These were the hounds he hoop'd and he hollow'd,
 While all the rest reeling with tolderoll follow'd.

RECITATIVE.

Long ago,
 E'er better music Britons learn'd to know,
 Our British bards, from whom choice spirits come,
 Thus rudely garnish'd out each harvest home:
 Sung Chevy-Chace, and Robin Hood;
 Or corn grows now where Troy town stood.

S O N G.

S O N G.

No Senefino then was known,
 Cuzzoni or Faustina :
 No Farinelli charm'd the town,
 Nor comic Nicolina.
 But salt-box bang, and jews-harp twang,
 With hurdy gurdy grunting,
 While others sing to the bladder and string,
 Like hogs in high winds hunting.

RECITATIVE.

Ye social sons! ye lady-loving race!
 Who taste with transport love's unfeign'd embrace,
 Who mingle o'er the wit-enlivening bowl,
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul,
 No more let dullness in a foreign tongue
 Taint your true tastes, nor give up sense for song.
 Beauties of *Britain*, ye fair female race,
 Whose words are musick, and whose motions grace:
 Joy of all hearts, wish of admiring eyes,
 Heav'n's last, best gift, and love's luxurious prize:
 Forgive and favour these our rude essays,
 And patronize our rustic roundelays.

S O N G.

Prithce leave off this dull panegyric, my dear,
 The ladies have wish'd the choice spirits to hear,
 To divert them this night in borlace we appear.

Since singing's the taste, let us have a duetta,
 Between us we'll make what you call a burletta,
 He shall do the old man, and you do *Spilletta*.

RECITATIVE.

I've got a cold, indeed I'm very hoarse,
 I fear with singing, sir—to make it worse.
 Yet still I'll strive, nay work like any negro,
 From slow Adagio, up to quick Allegro,
 Then change from Forte to the soft Piano;

That

That I will be,
 Si Signor Si,
 Indeed a Bon-Compagno.
 Come, my dear daughter, come, Miss *Nicolina*,
 I must compose a new burletta grinna,
 And with my fingers play the symphonina.

'Tis dinner-time, I find, my dear Signora;
 Go fetch some stakes, Va—fetch some stakes, encora,
 While I make unison of these fioccato's,
 Boil me some broth, and roast me some nice potatoes.

S O N G.

Volti largo mi affetto,
 Subito andante.

RECITATIVE.

Put some greens in cabbage netto,
 And make some soup fante.

S O N G.

Non troppo n' affectuoso,
 Trace primo violin.

RECITATIVE.

The broth will be but so so,
 If you don't put oatmeal in.
 Thirds, fifths and eighths, a half's above a quarter,
 A minum's long, a quaver is much shorter;
 Before you lay the cloth, go get a pint of porter.

S O N G.

She. Pray, papa, pardonna moy,
 Son confusa, ah ma foy.

He. Fetch some drink!

She. Indeed not I, indeed not I, indeed not I.

He. You're ill bred, miss.

She. That's a lye.

He. Gallop, trollop,
 Va vivace, va vivace,
 Trollop, gallop.

She.

She. Tace ta.

He. Le diable.

She. Bribble brabble barboncina.

He. Cara spillatta.

She. Foollatta.

He. Le diable.

She. Bribble brabble piccicina.

He. Cara spillatta.

She. Foollatta ca.

S O N G.

Thus with jargon they juggle us out of our money,
With cara da capo encore abandoni,
Each phrase must be fine, it's nouvelle we are sure on't,
Nouvelle let it be, and let us hear no more on't.

Be not *Britons* misled by a song or a dance,
Nor your fathers forget they're remember'd in *France*.
Shall capers, concertos, couplees, serenadas,
Demolish the men that demolish *Armadas*?

The black prince and his father at Poitiers and
Cressy,
Compos'd some rough music made *monseieurs* uneasy,
King *Henry* the fifth too at *Agincourt's* rout,
Led them up such a dance that he put them all out.

To play us a concert, *Spain* sent an armada;
To return it, *Drake* gave them a sea serenada;
This music was copy'd by *Warren* and *Anson*,
Which made the *French* cry *Diable Angeterre* chanson.

Singers, fiddlers, and dancers, when first they came
here,
Out of feathers and flesh, just like woodcocks appear;
But plump'd by our plenty, they're puff'd into pride,
Give a beggar a horie: we know where he'll ride.

Let them walk, trot, or gallop, but send them from
hence,
Nor to sound my dear countrymen, sacrifice sense;
Our

Our wit is invaded, resist now or never,
And defend common sense, and Old *England* for ever.

The last Song, and general Chorus.

Of love, wit, and wine, our songs we'll raise,
The tripple alliance we're boasting;
With wit we can celebrate beauty's praise,
With wine we those beauties are toasting:
To Portugal's paint, or opera air,
We never will be in debt, ah!
Pure white and red blooms in the face of our fair,
And wit has eclips'd the burletta.

Then in chorus join
To love, wit, and wine,
And sound them forth clever,
To those men of taste,
Who on love and wit feast,
Of Old *England*. Old *England*,
Huzza! Old *England* for ever.

The following Song is introduced in the first Act.

WHEN PHOEBUS the tops of the hills does adorn,
How sweet is the sound of the ecchoing horn!
When the antled stag is rous'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground;
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;
But still we pursue,
And now come in view
Of the glorious game.

Oh! see, how again he rears up his head,
And wing'd with fear, he redoubles his speed.
But, ah, 'tis in vain! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntmen; his ears lose the
cries;
For now his strength fails him, he heavily sighs,
And he pants——pants——
'Till with well-scented hounds surrounded he dies.
~~Tantaron——Tantaron——~~ he

EPILOGUE.

To the
tune of
come let us
prepare we
brothers
that are.

} *MY* song, *firs*, excuse,
And pardon my muse,
If for once she appears as a joker;
The town taste I'll shew,
And the whole criss-cross row,
Put into the tune ALLY CROKER.

To the
tune of
ALLY
CROKER.

} Great *A* was alarm'd at *B*'s bad behaviour,
Because *C* deny'd *D*, *E*, *F*, a favour,
G got a Husband with *H*, *I*, *K* and *L*,
M marry'd MARY and Scholars taught to
spell,
A, *B*, *C*, *D*, *E*, *F*, *G*, *H*, *I*, *K*, *L*, *M*.

It went hard at first with N, O, P and Q,
With R, S, T, single V and likewise with W,
With X and Y it stuck in their gizzards,
Till all were made friends by the two crooked Zds.
Oh rare humpback'd Zds.

These words have no wit,
Tho' the tune they may hit,
But who thought to find wit in a tune?
Did the town relish sense,
Wou'd they run with expence,
To Burlettas of Signor BUFFOONO?

The old fellow's face,
With his grunt and grimace
And his bad teeth shewn by a grinna,
Tho' we can't understand him,
We must needs commend him,
And so must we miss NICOLINA.

The

*The Songs before GRINNA are in number fourteen
the Songs in GRINNA (not numbered) are twelve
so that the number of the next song is 27.*

S O N G 27.

FAIR's my LUCY as the day,
Brighter than the Blooming May :
CUPID revels in her eyes ;
On her lips right Nectar lies.

When she moves, 'tis JUNO walks ;
When she speaks, MINERVA talks ;
When she sings, th' angelic strain
Might assuage the fiercest pain.

Clasp'd within her snowy arms,
Blest with all her world of charms ;
Let me thus enthron'd expire ;
God's ! 'tis all that I desire.

S O N G 28. *The Ballad of King JOHN and the
Abbot of Canterbury.*

*[This ancient ballad is inserted agreeable to our preface,
wherein we have laid it down as part of our plan to
present the reader with the original song, old or new,
referred to for the tune (if not already taken into this
work) immediately before or after the song we may first
have occasion to refer from. Song 29 being to the old
tune originally composed for the following ballad, said
ballad, therefore, is intitled to this place in our collection.]*

I'LL tell you a story, a story anon,
Of a noble prince, and his name was king JOHN ;
For he was a prince, a prince of great might,
He held up great wrongs, and he put down great right,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;

And of his House-keeping and high renown,
Which made him repair to fair London town.

How now, brother Abbot ! 'tis told unto me,
That thou keep'st a far better house than I ;
And for thy house keeping and high renown,
I fear thou hast treason against my crown.

I hope my liege, that you owe me no grudge,
For spending of my true gotten goods ;
If thou dost not answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be taken from thy body.

When I am set on my steed so high,
With my crown of gold upon my head ;
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

And the next question you must not flout,
How long I shall be riding the world about ;
And the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly what I do think.

O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
For I cannot answer your grace as yet ;
But if you will give me three days space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.

O three days space I will thee give,
For that is the longest day thou hast to live ;
And if thou dost not answer these questions right,
Thy head shall be taken from thy body quite.

And as the Shepherd was going to his fold,
He spy'd the old Abbot come riding along ;
How now master Abbot, you're welcome home,
What news have you brought from good king JOHN ?

Sad news, sad news, I have thee to give,
For I have but three days space for to live ;
If I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be taken from my body.

When

When he is set on his steed so high,
 With his crown of gold upon his head ;
 Amongst all his Nobility, with joy and much mirth,
 I must tell him to one penny what he is worth.

And the next question I must not flout,
 How long he shall be riding the world about ;
 And the third question I must not shrink,
 But tell him truly what he does think.

O master did you never hear it yet,
 That a fool may learn a wise man wit ?
 Lend me but your horse and your apparel,
 I'll ride to fair *London* and answer the quarrel.

Now I am set on my steed so high,
 With my crown of gold upon my head ;
 Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
 Now tell me to one penny what I am worth.

For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,
 Amongst the false *Jews*, as you have been told ;
 And nine and twenty's the worth of thee,
 For I think thou art one Penny worser than he.

And the next question thou may'st not flout,
 How long I shall be riding the world about ;
 You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
 Until the next morning he rises again.

And then I am sure, you will make no doubt,
 But in twenty four hours you'll ride it about ;
 And the third question you must not shrink,
 But tell me truly what I do think.

All that I can do, and 'twill make your Heart Merry,
 For you think I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury* ;
 But I'm his poor Shepherd as you may see,
 And am come to beg pardon for he and for me.

The king he turn'd him about, and did smile,
 Saying thou shalt be Abbot the other while ;
 O no my grace, there is no such need,
 For I can neither write or read,

Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee,
 For this merry true jest thou hast told unto me ;
 And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king JOHN.

S O N G 29.

*The Invitation of Dr. LE HUNT's, at Brennan's-town, in
 the County of Dublin.--To the tune of the foregoing ballad.*

'T WAS early I rose, so resplendent the day,
 The birds were deluded, and took it for May.
 The Thrush's clear note, eccho'd loud thro' the groves,
 And the Wood-quests all round me sat cooing their loves.
Derry down, down, &c.

The lambs newly drop'd, tho' scarce able to stand,
 Yet strove to evade the fond touch of my hand;
 My instinct directed, so early to ken,
 No foes can approach 'em more hurtful than Men.

A train of reflections soon busy'd my mind,
 On reason, the bubbling boast of Mankind;
 Who tear the poor dupe, whilst they seem to caress,
 And accumulate wealth, by each other's distress.

With musing fatigu'd, on the grass I reclin'd,
 Where a brook thro' the glen doth invitingly wind.
 And as o'er the smooth pebbles it gently did creep,
 The musical murmur compos'd me to sleep.

When strait by my side there appear'd a fair maid,
 In vestments as white as the lilly array'd ;
 Whose ruddy complexion, and glee of whose Face,
 Shew'd health had a sovereign tway in the place.

" Your censures are rash," said she, why for a few,
 " Should you judge the whole world to be false and
 " untrue ?

" Come

" Come to *Branen's-town* *house on the top of the hill,
 " And your splenetic Humours we'll teach you to kill.

" With all that the Eye can take in of delight ;
 " With all that the heart conceives virtuous and right ;
 " With all that brings mirth, and gives vapours the
 " rout,
 " I'll engage you'll be pleased both within and with-
 " out."

I thank'd her,—but told her I could'nt that day,
 For I din'd with the 'quire † and good Mrs. BRAY.
 " Be it soon," she replied, " or I take an affront ;
 " CONTENT is my name, and I live with LE HUNT."

S O N G 30.

YOUNG KITTY, blooming, gay and fair,
 Has drove five hundred to despair ;
 Where e'er the wanton darts her Eyes,
 Down drops the bleeding sacrifice.

E'en hoary sages, they too feel
 She stabs with something worse than steel ;
 But practise freely rules I give,
 And spite of KITTY you shall live.

C 3

No

* *Branen's-town*, a seat in the county of Dublin; the property of Dr. LE HUNT, a physician of great eminence, but who had retir'd from practice some years before the above was wrote: a gentleman, who, from his extensive charities, benevolence, and great affability, rendered himself justly beloved by every person happy enough to be acquainted with him.—He is since dead, when the many who stood in need of his assistance lost a most valuable benefactor; and those who did not, a sincere friend and amiable companion.

† JOHN ADAIR, of Kilternan, Esq;

No longer think on such a face,
Completely form'd to damn your race :
The Playhouse, ball, and route refrain ;
They but augment the lover's pain.

Were KITTEN kind it soon might end :
A bottle is a lasting friend.
Ten thousand Cupids should she call,
In Claret you may drown them all.

S O N G 31. *The Lover's Resolve.*

THE Nymph that I love is a dangerous fair ;
Her eyes dart so fiercely ; her breasts do so
heave ;
Whenever I speak, she's so cross, I declare ;
I do nought all the day but torment me and grieve.—
But if once I should get,
My fair one, my BERT,
To yonder green arbor, surrounded with sweets ;
Where violet and primrose,
And woodbine there too grows ;
Let her frown as she will,—I'll feel how her heart beats.
If gently she take it, I'll ply her more close :—
Young CUPID play round, and excite her to love ;—
Shou'd she take kind my vow, I'll double the dose,
And press her of joys the sublimest to prove.—
For the slight and the pain,
That I late did sustain,
I seek from the wanton an ample return ;
No time to be cruel,
I'll give my dear jewel ;
But lay on thy alter the maid 'till she burn.

S O N G 32.

A Duett between a Sailor and his Wife.

She. **H**OW loath am I still to believe you! —
Again to the dangerous deep ?
Blow the gale e'er so mild—how 'twill grieve me !
Think then if SUSANNAH can sleep !

He.

He. Sweet SUSEY forbear, my dear child;
Can a coward e'er merit thy charms?
Shall my king by the French be beguil'd?
Whilst I sleep at ease in thy arms?

She. No, no, my dear ROBIN, conceive me,
To GEORGE I would still have you true;
Yet may be for ever you leave me,
And shall not tears trickle for you?

He. Cheer up, you fool, sure you don't know
How trifling the dread of to-day;
Don't we sail with BOSCAWEN and HOWE?
'They'll be damn'd e'er they come in our way.

She. Nay, ROBIN, if that be the case,
We've little occasion to fear;
Then let's have one parting embrace!—
Adieu to thee, ROBIN, my dear!

She. One other,——one other embrace!—
Adieu to thee, ROBIN, my dear.

He. One other,——one other embrace!
Adieu to thee, SUSEY, my dear.

SONG 33. *The Good Fellow.*

DISTANT fly thee, carping care,
From the spot where I do dwell;——
Rigid mortals come not there;
Frowns begone to hermit cell.——
But let me live the life of souls,
With love, and laugh, and flowing bowls.

Miser with thy paltry pelf,
I give 'gainst thee my hate its scope;
Wretch, that liv'st but for thyself,
With heart of rust that cannot ope.——
Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls,
That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,
 Or the eye that drops a tear;
 And not weed their minds of woe,
 May not dare to peep in here.—
 Who can't be friends can ne'er be souls,
 Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowls.—

Joys and joys, O let me taste;
 Health and mirth, dwell in my gate;
 Whilst with ease my sand doth waste,
 Whilst I bless the book of fate,—
 That let's me live the life of souls,
 With love and laugh, and flowing bowls.

S O N G 34. *The Chimney Sweeper.*

IN various shapes I've oft been known,
 To please your ears and eyes;
 Nor I the only one in town,
 That wears the black disguise.
Sweep! sweep! Sweep! — foot ho!

In spite of mocks, or flouts, or fleers,
 A truth I must impart;
 No chimney half so foul appears,
 As doth the human heart.

The learned lawyers could I win
 To give their briefs to me;
 From foul demurs, and many a sin,
 My brush shou'd set them free.

Observe the doctors as they roll,
 To scrape from all Degrees;
 Much sweeping wants each footy soul,
 All clogg'd with filthy fees.

Behold you priest, so neat and trim,
 That vicious reverend beau!—
 There's no such thing as cleansing him,
 The Devil and I do know.

[33]

The statesman with that brow severe,
Had been as well forgot;——
His conscience is as ermin clear,
And therefore needs me not.

S O N G 35.

STRANGER to the pensive brow,
To the bosom damp'd with care,
To the languid love-sick vow,
All the plagues that great ones share;
Waiter, bring me t'other flask,
'Twill make but fix, a slender task.

Bane to me the plaintive sigh,
I doat on jolly cheek and red,
Hence, far hence, the woe worn eye,
And home, brisk laughter, in its stead.
Away and crown our flasks and bowls,
For night's the holiday of souls.

Jove may give to whom he will,
Treasures of the golden mine:
Devotee to BACCHUS still,
I'll never seek another shrine;
But sing and dance, and kiss and quaff,
And make the world a world of laugh.

S O N G 36.

AT *Ballyduff-hill* there dwelt an old pair,
And it may be they dwell there still;
Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share,
They kept a sinall farm and a mill.

But fully content with what they did get,
They knew nought of guile or of arts;
One daughter they had, her name it was *BET*,
And she was the joy of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,
 Her eyes were as black as a floe,
 Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her gait,
 And as sleek was her skin as a doe.

All dark were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true blue could be spy'd ;
 A child numb'd with cold came and knock'd at the door,
 It's mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young BEY was as mild as a morn of sweet May,
 The babe she hugg'd clo'e to her breast ;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
 She cuddl'd and lull'd him to rest.

But who do you think was this very fine prize ?
 Why, Love, the young master of arts :
 As soon as he wak'd he shook off his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am CUPID, but be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will ;
 So good and so kind is your heart, my fair maid,
 No harm shall you feel from my skill.

My mother ne'er dealt with more fondness by me ;
 As such I shall look on you still :
 Take my bow and my darts, and be greater than she,
 The VENUS of *Ballyduff-hill*.

SONG 37. *A Hunting Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

THE high-pois'd lark salutes the opening dawn ;
 The dripping cowslips rear their dewy heads ;
 Across the copse the ruddy milkmaid chants,
 And PHOEBUS tints with gold his *Wicklow* hills.

AIR.

*With well-scented hounds, and with jolly-ton'd horn,
 We'll rouse the proud stag with the first of the morn.*
 See,

*See, see from the covert, how stoutly he springs:
Hark! bark! the pack opens;—'tis music for kings.
With scorn and disdain how he snuffs up the wind,
He leaps the park wall, and he throws us behind.
No more he perceives us, gets rid of his pain;
Tan tara, jays eccho!—They're with you again.*

*Thro' woodlands then he leads the sweep,
He fords the river, climbs the steep;
The brow he gains,—he stops,—he turns,
He fears,—he pants—he chills—he burns!*

*To the herd then he scours amain;
His suit to the herd proves in vain;
He faints!—he drops!—the huntsman cries,
Dead! dead! were Haunch!—he dies, he dies.*

SONG 38. *The Tutor.*

WHEN JENNY the gay I first courted to wed,
Whole rheams I of love to her sent;
But back she return'd them, and scornfully said,
That she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.

Resolv'd not to give up the matter so tame,
I follow'd wherever she went;
At the park,---at the play,---at the route 'twas the same;
Still she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.-----

Her maid was my friend; and advis'd me to hope;
Or else I had quitted the scent;
For my tale she wou'd stop, if my lips I did ope,
With-----she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.

But MOLLY, in lieu of a handful of gold,
In the chamber of JENNY me pent;
Three long hours and more I lay shiv'ring with cold,
That the girl might know what the fool meant.-----

But what are these hours, nay threescore and three,
To be crown'd at the last with content;-----
Young JENNY's no longer hard-hearted to me,
Since I shew'd her what 'twas the fool meant.

SONG

S O N G 39.

COME booze, my lads, booze, push the bottle
about,

Ye ninnies for whom wou'd you save ?
Your wife, with her fondness, who makes such a rout,
She'll laugh e'er you're cold in your grave.
Mankind are mere shams wear what vizards they please ;
The only true friends are fair bumpers and ease.

Do you scrape for a son, whom with cost and with care
You have hitherto anxiously bred ?
The first in the chamber shall be the young heir,
To pluck pillow from under your head.
Nunc, nunc est bibendum, our motto you see,
Stick, stick to it close, and be happy as we.

For friend, or for mistress ar't heaping thy store ?
Ah trisler !——but little you know !
An ear-ring perverts your bright saint to a w——e ;
Distress of your friend makes a foe.
What need of advice against hoarding of pelf ?
A bumper, a bumper will speak for itself.

Haste, haste ye to us, and but do as we do,
I warrant you ne'er will repent :
The tale of a tub is both merry and true,
I ne'er knew what other tales meant.
Let 'em preach, let 'em fight, let 'em cavil and brawl,
A bumper and ease I prefer to 'em all.

S O N G 40.

LET all the painters on earth paint
The dames of town or valley ;
Their warmest beauties are but feint,
Compar'd to those of SALLY.

Ye bucks and beaux, with jemmy cloaths,
Who want, and rake, and rally ;——
With NELL and POLL, and drabs like those,
You'll never do for SALLY.

Her

Her eyes are black, and pierce so quick,
 'Tis dang'rous work to dally;——
 I'm sure I ne'er was half so sick
 As I've been made by SALLY.

Her shape is strait, her bosom white:
 Describe her full, how shall I?
 All that can give supreme delight,
 Exists at once in SALLY.

But, curse on fortune, she will toy:——
 Whilst kings might fight for SALLY;
 Why will she keep the *Naked-Boy*,
 And live in Copper-alley?

S O N G 41. *Sung in the Character of CHARON.*

Tune: The Abbot of Canterbury.

A Plague on the English commanders, for me,
 North and south, east and west, from the land
 and the sea,
 They mow down such heaps of the rascally French;
 I'm as sick of my boat, as a judge of his bench.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I wish on their swords I cou'd fix but a spell;
 There isn't a grain of true comfort in hell.
 In such shoals they arrive, and make such a d—n'd riot,
 One can't take a sup of one's brimstone in quiet.

Whole armies come yonder, as I am alive,
 Of Blacks and Mulattoes, from thundering CLIVE.
 I wish his good king wou'd command him to Britain,
 Or else this d—n'd fuss we shall never be quit on.

Ay!—rore till your hearts ach, I'm deaf as the tide,
 Neither I or my wherry, such toil can abide;
 And if PLUTO don't ease me of some o'this pother,
 Let his devilship row, or else get him another.

Odso!

Odso!—a good thought is just come in my head,
 To LOUIS young MERCURY strait shall be sped;
 His flat-bottom boats sure he will not refuse,
 He may very well spare, what he never can use.

SONG 42.

Tune: *The TWITCHER.*

POLITICIANS may prate
 On affairs of the state,
 And wrangle and make a great route;
 But our voices we'll join
 In the praise of good wine,
 So my friends push the bottle about, *brave boys,*
So my friends push the bottle about.

'Tis this makes us bold
 And will keep out the cold,
 Such virtues in claret combine;
 While the flask is in view,
 Our joys are still new,
 And our cares are all drown'd in good wine, *brave boys,*
 &c.

That fellow's an ass,
 Who would sneak from his glass,
 For some insolent CLOE to whine;
 Let him come no more here,
 For by BACCHUS I swear,
 He's not worthy to taste of our wine, *brave boys,* &c.

The nectar of old,
 That so much is extoll'd,
 Which the deities drink when they dine;
 Let none hence deceive ye,
 For if you'll believe me,
 Their nectar's no more than good wine, *brave boys,* &c.

Those heroes so stout,
 Who our enemies rout,

And

And to glory so much do incline ;
 Was the flask out of sight,
 They no longer could fight,
 So the praise is all due to good wine, *brave boys, &c.*

The poet whose wit
 Each humour can hit,
 Who with rapture makes flow ev'ry line ;
 What tho' he may chuse,
 Other names for his muse,
 Yet the name of the muse—is good wine, *brave boys, &c.*

The priest so devout,
 His text to help out,
 Seeks relief in his cardinal fine ;
 After taking a sup,
 From a full flowing cup,
 Cries “ There's nothing on earth like good wine,”
brave boys, &c.

To sum up my song,
 That you may'nt think it long,
 Tho' the subject you'll own is divine ;
 From the east to the west
 By all folks 'tis confest,
 That there's nothing can equal good wine, *brave boys, &c.*

S O N G 43. *The Twitcher : an old song.*

A Damsel, I'm told,
 Of delicate mold,
 Whose father was dead, to enrich her,
 Of all her fine things,
 Lace, ribbons, and rings,
 Priz'd nothing so much as her twitcher, *poor girl,*
Priz'd nothing so much as her twitcher.

The youths all around,
 With courtship profound,

Try'd

Try'd every art to bewitch her :

But she was so chaste,

She'd not be embrac'd

By any thing else but her twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

Each offer'd his pelf,

In exchange for herself,

If to him the parson might stich her ;

But still she reply'd,

She'd never be ty'd

To any thing else but her twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

But CUPID, grown wild,

To see himself foil'd,

Resolv'd to find ways to bewitch her,

And humble her pride,

Whatever betide,

He scorn'd to give way to the twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

Brisk STREPHON, the young,

Whose amorous tongue

Was baited with words to bewitch her,

The god did prepare,

To combat the fair,

And try'd to out-rival her twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

Young STREPHON drew nigh her,

And flurr'd with desire,

Try'd kisses and oaths to bewitch her,

He prattl'd and toy'd,

But still she reply'd,

Pish, let go the hold of my twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

But this cunning spark,

So well took his mark,

He found out the way to o'er-reach her ;

He gave her a trip,

Which happen'd to slip

The musical knot of her twitcher, *poor girl, &c.*

And thus having ended

The thing he intended,

Who

Who knows what he did to bewitch her,
 She cry'd, no, no, no;
 But yet I can't go:
 Now do what you will with my twitcher, *dear boy, &c.*

S O N G 44. *A Hunting Cantata.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
 Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,
 The milkmaid's carrol glads the ploughman's ear,
 The jolly huntsman winds his chearful horn,
 And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

A I R.

*The bounds are unkennel'd, and now,
 Thro' the copse and the furze will we lead,
 Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
 For there lurks the thief that must bleed.
 I told you so, didn't I?—see where he flies:
 'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies.
 Let the horn's jolly sound
 Encourage the bound,
 And float thro' the ecchoing skies.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

The chace began, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,
 Quickset, or gate, the thundering course retard;
 Till the dead notes proclaim the fallen prey,
 Then—to the sportive 'squire's capacious bowl.

A I R.

*O'er that and old beer of his own,
 That is found, bright, and wholesome we'll sing,
 Drink success to great GEORGE and his crown,
 For each heart to a man's with the king.*

And

*And next will we fill to Jove's favourite scene,
The rich isle of Saints, Hibernia I mean;
Where men, horses and bounds,
Can be stopt by no bounds,
For no spot on the earth e'er bred sporters so keen.*

SONG 45. *The Choice Spirits Lottery.*

Tune: The Big-belly'd Bottle.

YE national schemers a while give me leave,
A scheme I'll advance that shall no one deceive;
No humbug I mean, set on foot by the great,
Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of state.

No hazards your tickets divide into shares,
To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares,
No blanksto depress you come in my design,
The wheel is good-humour, the prize is—good wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must accrue
To a people who always give BACCHUS his due.
Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine gives that freedom we always maintain,
The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain;
'Tis wine gives us wit and enobles our sense,
And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The hero aspires to conquest and arms;
The lover despises his mistress's charms;
The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
Replete with the pow'r-giving juice of the vine.

Then our lottery attend, all who love frisk and fun,
You are sure of a prize, for no more than a crown;
APOLLO and BACCHUS here jointly agree,
To take off the hyp and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of PLURUS who values his pelf,
To be happy for once—steal a crown from himself;

Ye

Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
The whole course is a blank—here you are sure of a
prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whatever may please,
Leave your fighting and care, here you'll quickly find
ease;
Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
This evening we draw, fir, at—Comus's-hall.

S O N G 46. *Big-belly'd Bottle.*

THE women all tell me I am false to my lass,
That I quit my poor CLOE, and stick to my glass,
But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair,
But such goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My CLOE had dimples and smiles, I must own.
But though she cou'd smile, yet in truth, she cou'd frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did ye e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lillies and roses are just in their prime,
Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd by time;
But to wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been
cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid, when once it's enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let battles, and murders, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love;

But

But in drinking, thank Heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife;
But my wine, neither nurses or babies can bring:
Why, *a big belly'd bottle's* a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age;
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep 'out t'other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me to get an estate, or a lord;
But my bumper, regarding nor title nor pelf,
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear CLOE no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy,
Should you doubt what I say,—take a bumper and try.

S O N G 47. *Answer to the foregoing.*

To the same tune.

FOR shame, men of reason will think you an ass,
To prefer before women your bottle and glass,
For surely, the choicest of liquors could ne'er
With the charms of a beautiful woman compare.

You say of good wine that you never can cloy:
It does both your health and your senses destroy;
Besides the best liquor, whatever you boast,
Would drink but insipid, without a fair toast.

What if CLOE could frown, that cloud would soon
clear,
And she might again with all sweetness appear;
But wine, when once sour'd, all art is in vain,
For it ne'er can be brought to perfection again.

Tho'

Tho' in praise of big bottles you merrily write,
 Yet our Nurseries, and babes, give us lasting delight,
 For in time, they serve both their country and king,
 So a big-belly'd wife is a much better thing.

S O N G 48. *Woman.*

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare,
 The merits of wine with the charms of the fair;
 I appeal to the men to determine between
 A tun-bellied BACCHUS, and beauty's fair queen.
A tun-bellied BACCHUS, &c.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine;
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
 'Tis the mention of CLOE that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire;
 But the charms of her temper and mine I adore,
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage!
 'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age;
 But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul.

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
 The longer I drink the more thirsty am I;
 From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-bellied bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you'll look, when your bottle is dry!
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasures must spring,
 Nay the stocks must own it,—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine, we must justly afford,
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord;
 But woman for ever gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex——aye, as long as I can.

S O N G

SONG 49. *The Antigallic Mason's Song.*

THE wond'ring world with curious eye,
 Into our myſtery would pry ;
 E'en men of higheſt ſtations,
 With fond ambition long to ſcan
 The well-concerted deep-laid plan,
 Of Antigallic Maſons.

Our preſident, whoſe glorious name
 Stands high advanc'd by loud-mouth'd fame,
 Has dignify'd our choice ;
 If zeal for GEORGE, if freedom's cauſe,
 If public virtue claims applauſe,
 We muſt in him rejoice.

He bids it boldly be reveal'd,
 The ſecret hitherto conceal'd,
 The only one we've made :
 That all we wiſh or could advance,
 Is triumph o'er the power of France,
 And our chief bleſſing, *trade*,

SONG 50.

*On being preſent at a great meeting of Pſalm-fingers, to perform at *** church near Cork, on Sunday the 29th of June.--Tune: Ye beaux and belles of Mallow-wells, &c.*

FROM ſocial D——'s friendly farm,
 To —— church we rode ;
 Where to protect our ſouls from harm,
 We heard the word of God.

Chaunters, from far and near, that day
 Had been for months expected ;
 And JOHNS and JOANS, as blithe as May,
 In crouds were there collected.

On horses lame and blind they came,
And some on foot did run ;
And there was ale, and cakes, and game :
'Twas to a wake, all one.

S---'s rev'rend substitute was dull ;
The clerk had bung'd his eyes ;
The weather hot, the church brimfull,
I thought 'twas time to rise.

No, whisper'd BEN, altho' I'm tir'd
Of stuff not worth a farthing,
I can't go out, 'twill be admir'd,
Because I'm now church-warden.

But look amongst our pews and say,
If in all *Dublin* city,
Girls may be found so brisk and gay,
So taper and so pretty ?

Around I threw my wand'ring eyes,
And tho' in courts they've been,
I here declare without disguise,
More charming was the scene.

A native innocence there reign'd,
In ev'ry booming Face :
Superior praises none obtain'd,
For each had equal grace,

Sure never were so fair a set,
Assembl'd in a ring ;
Nor e'er before such angels met,
To hear such mortals sing.

S O N G 51. *Friendly advice to an extravagant
young lady of the town.*

THE abject trash of venal things,
With justice you despise ;
Accurs'd the pen, that often brings,
A tear from S-----'s eyes,

Yet,

Yet, brighter than the radiant morn,
Or poet can conceive ;
Most angel-like, tho' mortal born,
A friendly truth believe.

A time will come, be sure, dear maid,
When you no more shall run,
The giddy circle now you tread,
Nor swains be more undone.

We have CHARLOTTE, BETSEY, HARRIOT known,
Attract the croud by turns,
But ah!--how alter'd now, and down!
How low love's fire burns!

To hoard with care the glittering dirt,
All other thoughts expel ;
And when nor pique, or vogue can hurt,
Say I advis'd you well.

S O N G 52. *The Happy Bacchanals.*

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and lordly care despise ;
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
Joys from drinking will arise ;
Why should we with worldly care,
Spoil what nature made so fair ?
*Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.*

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire,
Give me freedom, give me health,
That's the sum of my desire :
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content.
*Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.*

Buſy

Busy brains, we know, alas!

With imagination run,
Like the sand i' th' hour-glass,
Runs, and runs, and still runs on ;
Never knowing where to stay ;
But uneasy every way.

*Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.*

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free ;
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing it is with me ;
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait.

*Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.*

S O N G 53. *On a miller in love with two pretty ladies.*

GO tool of state,
And scratch thy pate,
And tear thy lungs to tatters :
Now in, now out,
Take t'other bout ;
I sing of country matters.

The court, 'tis true,
Has charms for you ;
But take it not in joke, sir,
When I declare,
Your string and star
Mere baubles are at S——ke, sir.

Ambition here
Did ne'er appear ;
Your sun-shine we despise, sir ;
We've all we ask,
When we can bask
In POLL and BETSEY's eyes, sir.

Those lovely maids,
To masquerades,
Altho' they've not been bred, fir;
In rural dance,
Might challenge France,
And put their dames to bed, fir.

Like light'ning shine
Their eyes divine,
They're strait and handsome grown, fir;
And tho' you see,
No lady B——,
Their faces are their own, fir.

At Mallow's stream,
They're still my theme;
And in the 'squire's park, fir;
To give me ease,
I spoil the trees,
By carving it on bark, fir.

O VINCENT why
Are not you I?
For then I could go boldly;
But old and poor,
They'd shut the door,
And use the miller coldly.

When * Flagellet,
Tell POLL and BET,
The priest has done his duty;
Their curt'sies made,
Each killing jade
Removes her fund of beauty:

I stay

* The instrument made use of to play the congregation
out of church instead of an organ.

I stay behind,
 I gaze on wind;
 Till blind as MADEN's thriller;
 Then, bang the gate,
 And curse the fate,
 Of feeble MULL the miller.

S O N G 54.

*From a sailor on board the Bridgewater man of war;
 Lord GEORGE GRAHAM, commander, to his brother in
 Waterford, on their ships beating those of the enemy.
 Most of those on board the English ships were Irishmen.--
 Tune: The abbot of Canterbury.*

THE news you may credit, dear JACK, that I send,
 'Tis of an engagement we've had at Ostend;
 Where, glorious recital!—the truth I advance,
 The ships man'd from Ireland beat those man'd from
 France.

Derry down, down, &c.

With haughty bravadoes boast Gallia no more;
 We have thumpt you at sea, and we'll thump you on
 shore.
 You'll never find our boys in haste to agree,
 Whilst ships man'd from Ireland do keep the salt sea.

At Tournay ye beat us; 'twill do ye no good,
 For each spoonful we lost, we'll have gallons of blood.
 Till our boys are hurt they are always too civil;
 But sting them once home, and they'll fight like the d—!

Your puffs are all wind, and no merit inhance;
 Tho' ye open'd the ball, yet we'll have the last dance.
 Ye've hoisted your flag, but we'll make ye soon strike it;
 Or play such a jig, 'tis a chance if you like it.

Thus the Bridgewater spoke, and went to it pell-mell;
 And FARREL and DOGHERTY fought too like Hell;

Arms and legs flew about like a shower of hail,
And what heads were left on——thought it best to turn
tail.

Most christian-like king! had your majesty seen
An action like this, 'twou'd have fill'd you with spleen;
From our scoopers ran blood of your subjects so rare,
Who are now cutting capioles Heaven knows where.

With the old Irish spirit we drove ye ashore;
Took and sunk all the rest; and what could we do more?
At sight of this,—drink to Lord GRAHAM all good,
And wish their whole navy as fast in the mud.

SONG 55. *The Dream: a London ballad.*

To the same tune as the foregoing.

YE critics, I pray, be not piqu'd at my theme,
What I'm going to tell you is nought but a dream:
Methought from JACK SPEED*, came an odd invitation,
To convene the choice spirits of this laughing nation.
Deriy down.

I have promis'd, quoth JACK, at old PLUTO's desire,
A grand high borlace (for there's none shall be higher)
And provided his highness would honour the chair,
That all the choice spirits that night should appear.

To obey the commands of my friend I soon hasted,
Nor a moment, (till all things were settled) was wasted;
To the place where the carriage inn'd, we soon hied,
With SHUTER, MATT. SKEGGS, and a hundred beside.

We soon left behind this terrestrial sphere,
And quickly to view did Elysium appear,

Where

* The first person who formed the choice spirits into a
society, who used in his life-time, to assemble at his house,
the white horse-inn, in Fetter-lane, London.

Where swarms of odd creatures were kenn'd on the
shore,
Who, as they descry'd us, huzza'd more and more.

JACK SPEED stepping forth with a welcome to all,
Conducted us strait to old PLUTO's great hall,
Who seated aloft with majestical air,
Bid us sit down and eat of the table's good fare.

Of various repasts we partook with a glee,
Both immortals and mortals were happy and free,
'Till fully supply'd and the dishes remov'd,
Old PLUTO of JACK, ask'd what liquor we lov'd?

Brandy-punch, quoth our friend, is the liquor I think,
The choice spirits on earth us'd in my time to drink.
—Why then, says old PLUTO, if you'll undertake it,
I prithee, friend JACK, be so kind as to make it.

A rich bowl then was brought of a glorious size,
Had ye seen it, in faith t'wou'd ha' dazzled your eyes,
Full of good English brandy, for French we ha' none,
Because 'twas a foe to old England and——fun.

Then a true son of COMUS and humour on earth,
JACK BEARD, op'd the scene, full of music and mirth.
Quoth PLUTO, such strains before I ne'er heard,
Fill your bumpers, my lads; here's a health to JACK
BEARD.

With applause the wide hall for some moments had
rung,
When LOWE was soon call'd on by BEARD for a song;
That done, quoth old PLUTO;——'tis charming I trow;
Fill your bumpers again; here's a health to TOM LOWE.

GEORGE STEVENS, a bard of good spirits and wit,
To enhance the gay scene with his humour thought fit.
O bravo! says PLUTO, 'tis glorious, by heavens;
Fill the glasses around; come, your health, master
STEVENS.

NED SHUTER, for humour and drollery fam'd,
For a comical catch was the fourth that was nam'd:
Ha! ha! cries old PLUTO, I'm cur'd for the future;
Adieu to the spleen—Here's to merry NED SHUTER.

The next was MATT. SKEGGS, with his droll nose
and chin,
Who tipt us a grunt eh, eh, eh, and a grin:
PLUTO swore 'twas a pleasure to live with such wagggs,
And a bumper tofs'd off to his lordship MATT. SKEGGS.

Then HICKMAN began with a soft lulling strain,
That like music celestial thrill'd soft thro' each vein;
Quoth PLUTO, such notes must revive e'en a sick man;
Come, your glasses, my lads, fill up to JOE HICKMAN.

Then REYNOLDS and BOWYER rose up with their
flutes,
When the company all were as silent as mutes;
He that likes not such music (quoth PLUTO) has no ear,
So we'll tofs off a brusher to REYNOLDS and BOWYER.

Then ROOKER and MASSEY, with COLLINS and
YATES,
Join'd with HAMMOND and HARBIN, to baffle the fates;
When PLUTO no longer could give out the toast,
But was fairly oblig'd to relinquish his post.

Confusion and uproar succeeded amain,
"Till 'twas time to return to Old England again;
When full of good liquor these turbulent blades,
With a drunken huzza, bid adieu to the shades.

SONG 56. *A ballad in the character of an English Farmer's Son. Sung at the theatre in London.*

COME REALPH, come ROBIN and ZUE,
And list to the words I do zoy;
A itary I'll tell you as true
As the bible wherein ye do proy.

We

We veather to Lunnun ye kna
 I been to zell bearly and kine;
 And I dan't keare how aft I do go,
 The pleace be zo woundily vine.

The mearketing aver and done,
 A butcher as vine as a lord,
 Zware damun he'd zhaw us zome vun,
 And 'ifaith ware as good as his word.
 He took us whare Lyons do lie,
 At a heause that valks kaled the tower,
 Wee rauring they terrify'd I,
 I ware glad to get out again, zhower.

From therehence to pallace we went,
 And his Majesty, God blefs his greace;
 Ware gawing to his parliament,
 Zo I gur'n a zoight of his feace.
 Awoy then to Westminster abbey,
 Where ale the dead quality loies;
 And a vellow, tho' clathed but zhabby,
 Zung histories wondrous woise.

To dinner we afterwards went;
 Best drink ware as plenty as whoy:
 And to stitch up the whole merriement,
 They zhaw'd me a pleace kal'd a ploy.
 And there ware a Mon in disguise,
 A little * old zorrowful king,
 That made the valk cry out their eyes,
 Thof they knew he ware no sick a thing.

The next day my jolly good vhrinds,
 Had us up unto Zadler's Wells;
 Whare no mon need gride what ah spends,
 Cae it ale other peastime excells.

D 4

Lady

Lads and lasses do deance on a coord,
 And tumble, and plaay ye sick tricks,
 Methought aften time by the loord,
 The Taads would ha braken their necks.

Wawnds and blid! they do keaper zo hoigh,
 O Laud!—'tis amezing to think;—
 And if you do chance to be droy,
 You may ha whatsomdever you'll drink.
 If e'er ye to Lunnindo gaw,
 Zee Zadler's Wells, I do proy;
 You'll loike it, I very wele knaw;
 'Tis better by half nor the ploy.

TO the EDITOR.

Sir,

Inclosed I send you a copy of a celebrated HUNTING
 SONG, which I believe will be acceptable to the rea-
 ders of the extensive and excellent collection of Songs you
 are now carrying on. It was wrote by PIERCE CREAGH,
 of the county of Clare, esq; on a Buck Hunt in the
 county of Limerick, at which he made one of the com-
 pany, in the year 1741. The spirit that runs thro' the
 whole is charming, and far above the tardy flights of
 studious endeavours, when nature is deficient: The lan-
 guage is suitable to the subject, and varied with ele-
 gance; this I mention, as there are some expressions,
 which the ignorant in criticism may except against; for
 as the style, proper the epic poem, would be very unnatu-
 ral in the pastoral, or lyric, &c. so the terms, usually
 made use of in describing a sea fight, would certainly
 be very ridiculous in the recital of the advances made
 at the siege of Namur or Ypres, or the several disposi-
 tions and movements of the armies at Blenheim: For which
 reason, the terms and sounds, applicable to a subject of
 this or any other kind, will never affect the majesty of
 thought, to be found only in a true poetical description,
 and which always accompanies it. ADDISON tells us,
 that BEN JOHNSON used to say, he had rather have
 been the author of the old song of Chevy Chace, than
 of all his works; and to speak in the same strain, and
 not

not to enter into a tedious criticism on the song I send you, I am strongly of opinion, that the author of it deserves more praise and a more lasting reputation as a poet, than if he had been the writer of all the tragedies, farces, romances and poems, that had been published these five years; this assertion, I know will exasperate the critics, but the SPECTATOR will answer them for me: "If this song, (says he, speaking of Chevy Chase) had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many elegant and sublime genius's, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions."

Your's, &c.

SONG 57. *On the Buck Hunt in the county of Limerick, abovementioned.*

Tune: LAURY GROGAN.

BY your leave, LAURY GROGAN,
 Enough has been spoken,
 It's time to give over your sonnet, your sonnet;
 Come listen to mine, sir,
 Much truer than thine, sir,
 For these very eyes were upon it, upon it.
 It is of a Buck slain
 This very campaign,
 To let him live longer, were pity, were pity;
 For head and for branches,
 For fat and for haunches,
 Exceeding the mayor of a city, a city.
 A council assembled,
 (Who'd think but he trembled)
 Of lads of good spirit, well mounted, well mounted;
 Each his whip and cap on,
 And spurs made at Rippon *,
 The number full twenty, well counted, well counted.
 D 5 But

* A town famous for making spurs.

But in legs he confiding,
 All efforts deriding;
 He thought himself safe as in bed, fir, in bed, fir;
 With a bounce off he goes,
 And tofs'd up his nose;
 But Ringwood cry'd, lord help your head, fir, your
 head, fir.

Off scores we went bounding,
 Sweet horns were a sounding,
 Each youth fill'd the grove with a whoop and a halloo;
 DUBOURG were he then there,
 Such sweet music to hear,
 Would leave his Cremona § and follow, and follow.
 Knockdiscan, knockainy,
 And hills twice as many;
 We scamper'd o'er stone walls, o'er hedges, o'er ditches;
 He skim'd o'er the grounds,
 But to baffle our hounds,
 Was ne'er yet in any Buck's breeches, Buck's breeches.

Four hours he held out,
 Most surprizingly stout,
 'Till at length to his fate he submitted, submitted;
 His throat being cut up,
 And poor culprit put up,
 To the place whence he came was remitted, remitted†:
 A place most enchanting,
 Where nothing was wanting,
 The poor hungry huntsman could wish for, could wish
 for;
 Of delicate fare,
 (Tho' numbers were there)
 Yet every man was a dish for, a dish for.

W.

§ A place in Italy where the best fiddles are made:
 here put for the fiddle of the celebrated Mr. DUBOURG.

† The park of the mansion house, where he was let out.

We fell too with fury,
 Like a long-famish'd jury,
 Nor stay'd we for grace to our dinner, our dinner;
 The butler a sweating,
 The knives all a whetting,
 The edge of each stomach was keener, was keener;
 The bumper went round
 With a beautiful sound,
 Click, click, like sweet bells, went the glasses, the
 glasses;
 We dispatch'd queen and king,
 And each other fine thing,
 To bumper the beautiful lasses, sweet lasses.

There was sweet SALLY CURRY,
 And SINGLETON CHERRY,
 Miss CROKER, miss BLIGH, and miss PRITTY, miss
 PRITTY;
 With lovely miss PRICE,
 That subject of verse,
 Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty.
 With numberless more,
 From fifteen to a score &c,
 O had you but seen them together, together;
 Such charms you'd discover,
 You'd pity the Louvre ¶,
 And offer St. James ¶ as a feather, a feather.

The man of the house,
 And his beautiful spouse,
 May they live to give claret and venison, venison;
 And may honest NED,
 There's no more to be said,
 Ne'er want the beggar's old benison, benison.

Long

¶ Alluding to the ages of the ladies.

¶ The beauties at the courts of France and England.

Long prosper that county,
 The store house of bounty,
 Where thus we indulge, and make merry, make merry;
 For jovial as we are,
 We puff away all care,
 To poor busy ROBIN and FIERY, and FLUERY*.

SONG 58. JOHNNY and BETSEY.

MY Daddy was gone to the market a mile,
 My Mammy was gone to the miller's the while,
 In came my dear JOHNNY, and such was his saying,
 Lay by your wheel, BETSEY, come with me a Maying.

I answer'd him no, 'twas a folly to ask,
 My Mammy had set me to spinning a task:
 Quoth he cut the tether, girl, set the cow straying,
 We'll tie her up somewhere, whilst we go a Maying.

His method I took.—ah how could I forbear?
 I lov'd him too well to think falsely he'd swear;
 He press'd my lips gently, the fool fell to playing,
 The time slip't so nimbly, we didn't go Maying.

My Daddy ne'er ask'd me a word where I'd been,
 My Mammy I told I'd the cow to fetch in,
 She said she was sure I'd been somewhere 'delaying,
 But never suspected that I'd been a Maying.

If JOHNNY proves true, as I think that he will,
 The market I'll bless, and I'll honour the mill,
 That kept my old Daddy and Mammy so straying,
 When I was persuaded by JOHNNY a Maying.

SONG

* Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and Cardinal FLEURY, one
 the prime minister of the court of England, the other of
 that of France, at the time this ballad was wrote.

SONG 59. *Sung by Masons at making a Fellow-Craft.*

HAIL Masonry, thou craft divine!
 Glory of Earth, from Heaven reveal'd,
 Which doth with jewels precious shine,
 From all but Mason's eyes conceal'd.

CHO. *Thy praises due who can rehearse,
 In nervous prose, or flowing verse?*

As Men from brutes distinguished are,
 A Mason other men excels.
 For what's in knowledge choice or rare
 But in his breast securely dwells!

CHO. *His silent breast and faithful heart,
 Preserve the secrets of the art.*

From scorching heat, and piercing cold,
 From beasts, whose roar the forest rends;
 From the assaults of warriors bold,
 The Mason's art mankind defends.

CHO. *Be to this art due honour paid,
 From which mankind receives such aid.*

Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain,
 By Masons true are laid aside;
 Arts free born sons such toys disdain.

CHO. *Ennobled by the name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.*

Sweet fellowship, from envy free;
 Friendly converse of brotherhood!
 The lodge's lasting cement be,
 Which has for ages firmly stood.

CHO. *A lodge thus built, for ages past,
 Has lasted, and will ever last.*

Then

Then in our songs be justice done
To those who have enrich'd the art,
From JABAL down to BURLINGTON;
And let each brother bear apart.

CHO. *Let noble Masons healths go round;
Their praise in lofty lodge resound.*

SONG 60. CARE lay'd in the red sea.

AS WIT, JOKE and HUMOUR together were sat,
With liquor a plentiful stock,
Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,
The watchman bawl'd, "past twelve o'clock."

At that hour I've read, oft spirits do come,
And poor timid mortals affright;
Just then at that instant, one enter'd the room,
An ancient, pale face, meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd and the candles burnt blue,
WIT and HUMOUR began for to stare;
Cries out JOKE!—"look'e friends, this is nothing new,
Behold!—see, 'tis only Old CARE."

"I know he would tell us, 'twas TIME sent him here,
And tell us 'tis time to be gone;
But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,
We'll finish him e'er it be one."

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,
Resolving of CARE to get free;
WIT mov'd it,—and straight they all join'd in consent
To lay the ghost in the Red-Sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,
And fav'rite toasts they went round;
When HUMOUR well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh:
Quoth he, "how CARE looks now he's drown'd."
When

As pert as a monkey, and as gay as a lark,
On Sunday I dress me full clever;
Sure never was half so conceited a spark,
I thought myself happy for ever.

But e'er we had past than a month little more,
Things alter'd that late were so clever;
In debt upon debt I was plung'd o'er and o'er,
And found myself ruin'd for ever.

SONG 63. *Lucy of the Village.*

A GAIN the blooming month of May
Calls the swains to sport and play;
While wanton birds, on every spray
Stretch their throats to praise the day:
And LUCY of the village queen,
Smiling trips it o'er the green.

But nymph, without exception fair,
What mean those flowrets in thy hair?
O lovely child of nature's care,
Who stript for thee the graces bare,
Such trivial ornaments displace,
What flower can add to LUCY's face?

No threatening clouds, no lowering skies,
Are e'er beheld in LUCY's eyes:
Nor can her bosom spleen devise,
In that soft bed, good humour lies;
And all must own the truths I tell,
Whoever saw my charming BELL.

SONG 64.

Tune: Fair and soft, and gay, and young.

POLLY, the blooming, gay and fair,
Has drove some hundred to despair;

Where

Where e'er she points her killing eyes,
 All fall at once her sacrifice:
 The young, the old her magic feel,
 That much severer wounds than steel;
 But trust to the advice I give,
 And spite of all her arts you'll live.

Endeavour to forget a face
 So fairly form'd to damn your race;
 The Strand, the route, the play refrain,
 Augmenters of the lover's pain:
 Brisk claret shall your ease restore,
 Then whimper, sigh and sob no more;
 Ten thousand CUPIDS should she call,
 In bumpers you may drown 'em all.

Joys of love are dull and vain,
 Compar'd with those of brisk campaign;
 Were POLLY kind, it soon might end,
 The flask you'll find a lasting friend.
 To RYAN's then let us repair,
 And drink, and laugh away despair,
 FARREL and LUCAS too may fail,
 But claret, claret, must prevail.

SONG 65. *The Inconstant.*

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
 All charm! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung!
 There was no way to 'scape the dart,
 No care could guard the lover's heart.
 Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
 (Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to myself alone)
 Was so much sweetness made for one?

But growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care:

She

She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat;
 Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
 My joys could be but known by guess;
 Ah, fool, said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms,
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me:
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

S O N G 66.

FROM the projects so vain,
 Of France or of Spain,
 Britannia's brave sons shall defend her:
 I'm a protestant born,
 And of consequence scorn
 The devil, the pope, and pretender.
 A pox o' their friars, books, candles, and bells,
 Their bulls, absolutions, their saints, and their cells.

We're surely undone,
 If once over-run
 By priests, papists, Rome, and starv'd bullies,
 Who never yet eat
 An ounce of good meat,
 Or know what a belly brim-full is.
 Our grounds with the locusts would soon be o'erspread,
 Ourselves, wives, and children be knock'd on the head,

For corn-fields so rich,
 Poor dogs, how they itch;
 A blessing they ne'er shall obtain:
 Good hearts and great guns
 Tell run-away dons
 We will not be brow-beat by Spain;

He must be a wretch who refuses to fight
For religion, for freedom, his king, and his right.

By the pope and his tools,
The great bugbears of fools,
False whims they've been led to pursue;
Whilst the British designs
Shall be paid by the mines
Of Chili, Potosi, Peru:
The proud priests shall be stript of their ill-gotten gain,
And our tars return greater than grandees of Spain.

S O N G 67.

TWAS underneath a May-blown bush,
Where violets sprang, and sweet primroses;
With voice melodious as the thrush,
So JOHNNY sung, collecting poesies.

These to the breast must be convey'd,
Of her, who sways my warmest fancy;
The tender, blooming, artless maid,
My smiling, mild, good-natur'd NANCY.

I know the suburb youths will jeer,
And call me witless oaf and zanny;
That I from constant heart declare,
I ne'er will love, except my NANNY.

I envy them nor pomp nor dress,
Or conquests gain'd, o'er hearts of many:
The study of my life's to bless,
And please my dear, my grateful NANNY.

Oh! how unlike, my fair, to those
Whose wanton charms are free to any;
I'd give the world could I disclose
One fifteenth part the worth of NANCY.

Let bucks, and bloods, in burnt champaign,
Toast LUCY, CHARLOTTE, POLL or FANNY;
At notions so absurdly vain,
I smile, and clasp my blameless NANNY.



The SONGS in the BURLETTA of
M I D A S.

[That the songs may not be interrupted, but follow regularly as they occur in the entertainment, those referred to for the tunes will be inserted hereafter.]

S O N G 68. *Chorus of the Gods in council.*

Tune: The King of Prussia's march.

J O V E in his chair,
O the sky lord may'r,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe;

When he winks
Heav'n shrinks!
When he speaks
Hell quakes:
Earth's globe is but his taw.

Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
Tho' absurd,
Must be law:

Ev'n fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate;
His bald pate

J O V E

Jove would cuff,
(He's so bluff)
For a straw.

Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
Dare not say pease,
Or gnaw.

SONG 69. *Sung by JUPITER: in Midas.*

To its own tune.

TO happy ignorance
Connubial peace is owing;
'Tis a curse to be too knowing:
Best, let things take their chance.

A busy curiosity
Produces endless evils——
It turns the god's felicity
To sharpest pangs of devils,
Supplying food to jealousy.

SONG 70. *Sung by JUNO: in Midas.*

Tune: Shaun Bwee.

THINK not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For, spite of your rake-helly'd godhead,
By day and by night
Juno will have her right,
Nor be of dues nuptial defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you with darkness enclose them:
Your favourite jades
I will plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

SONG

SONG 71. *Sung by MARS: in Midas.*

Tune: To arms, &c.

TO earth be quick the caitiff driv'n;
Such scrubs are a disgrace to Heav'n.
In love or war no gallant soul
With a base scoundrel spy will ever roll.

SONG 72. *Sung by VENUS: in Midas.*

Tune: The wanton god that pierces hearts, &c.

LOVE reigns supreme in female souls;
All their actions he controuls;
Then, whose actions can defy
The squints malignant of a spy?—*O' a spy, &c.*

She, she,
She must be from converse barr'd,
More than woman on her guard,
Who can stand the tattling spy:
She must be as chaste—as I.—*Chaste as I, &c.*

SONG 73. *Sung by VULCAN: in Midas.*

Tune: When a wife's in her pout, &c.

TO avoid ridicule
'Tis a cuckold's best rule,
(Tho' the injury sting to the quick)
To laugh with the rest
And so turn the sour jest
On the couple that play'd him the trick.
Poor man! ——— *On the couple, &c.*

SONG

SONG 74. *Sung by Momus: in Midas.**Tune: There was a jovial beggar, &c.*

NO difference of character;
 Vice, virtue idle dreams:——
 For, lewd or chaste, or foul or fair,
 Will then be empty names——When a sporting all
 may go, may go, may go.
When a sporting, &c.

Screen'd from the husband's jealous eyes
 All love——all free as air——
 No wanton name needs fear surprize.
 O what a life were there!——
When a sporting, &c.

Then hey for pam, for Ma adores,
 Voles, taxes and rewards!
 Old maids will spend——when past amours,
 A live-long night at cards——And a gambling all will
 go, will go, will go,
And a gambling, &c.

SONG 75. *Sung by POL, alias APOLLO; in Midas.**Tune: Hang me if I marry. beginning thus,——Declare, my pretty maid, &c.*

WITH fun my disgrace I'll parry,
 While here on earth I tarry;
 With the nymphs in my way
 I'll kiss and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

Let the sky go to wreck and miscarry
 Without my luminary!
 POL here will stay
 To kiss and play,
 To toy, but never marry.

SONG

SONG 76. *Sung by SILENO: in Midas*

To its own tune.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
'Tend the sheep and feed the hog.

Fa la la, &c.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef and cabbage,
Butter-milk and oaten bread.

Fa la la, &c.

Come, strike hands——you'll live in clover
When I get you once at home;
And when daily labour's over
We'll all dance to your strum-strum.

POL.

Done—strike hands—I take your offer;
Farther on I might fare worse——
Zoons! I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fa la la, &c.

SONG 77. *Sung by NYSA: in Midas.*

Tune: If 'tis joy to wound a lover, &c.

IF the swain we sigh for preys us,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
If the shock we loath address us,
How transporting 'tis to teize!

E

SONG

SONG 78. *Sung by MYSTIS: in Midas.*

Tune: Three sheep-skins, &c.

GIRLS are known
To mischief prone
If ever they be idle;
Who would rear
Two daughters fair
Must hold a steady bridle
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way fiddle.

For here they, &c.

Giddy maids
With silly heads
All after men run gadding;
They flirt pell mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
And set their mothers madding.

To ev'ry fop, &c.

SONG 79. *Sung by POL: in Midas.*

To a tune in the pantomime of Queen Mab.

PRAY Goody, please to moderate the rancour of
your tongue;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice
is strong:
Unknown you wrong me to despise.
Ply me,
Try me,
Prove e'er you deny me:

If

If you cast me
Off, you blast me
Never more to rise.

Pray Goody, &c.

S O N G 80. *In Midas.*

Tune: Non, non, Collette n'est point trompeuse, &c.

NYSA. **M**AMMA! how can you be so ill-natur'd
To the gentle handsome swain?

DAPH. Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain!
Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain!

MYSES. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.—

SILENO. Wife in vein you teize and vex me,
I will rule;—depend upon't.

NYSA. Ah, ah!

DAPH. Mamma!

NYSA.	} <i>at once</i>	{	Mamma! how can you be so
DAPH.			ill-natur'd, Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd so featur'd;

NYSA.	} <i>at once</i>	{	To the gentle, handsome swain?
DAPH.			<i>Sure, 'tis cruel to, &c.</i> Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain. <i>To the gentle, &c.</i>

MYSES. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.—

SILENO. Wife, in vain you teize and vex me,
I will rule;—depend upon't.

NYSA. }
MYSIS. } *at once* { Mamma!
Psha, psha!

DAPH. }
SILENO. } *at once* { Papa!
Ah, ah!

DAPH. }
SILENO. } *at once* { Mamma! how can you be so
ill-natur'd;
Psha, psha! you must not be so
ill-natur'd;
NYSA. } { Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd so
featur'd,

DAPH. }
SILENO. } *at once* { To the gentle, handsome swain?
Sure, 'tis cruel, &c.
He's a gentle, comely swain,
He's a gentle, &c.
NYSA. } { Sure, 'tis cruel to give pain;
To the gentle, &c.
MYSIS. } { 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.
'Tis my pleasure to, &c.

SONG 21. Sung by DAMETAS: in *Midis*.

To its own tune.

ALACK and well-a-day!
DAPHNE disdains me;
All I can do or say
No favour gains me.

NYSA to your address
Sharp as a thistle,
Whene'er your suit I press,
Bids me, go whistle.

'Tis POL, their father's hind,
Makes them hus deaf and blind;
At us, to him tho' kind,
Their backs they bristle.

SONG

SONG 82. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: A la Sante du Pere d'Oleron, &c.

SHALL a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to cros?
 Shall this mix, when a 'squire of my importance
 woos,
 Her nose up at me tofs?

Hold—her father is my tenant—
 Her spark I'll transport, in foreign parts to range,
 So, glut—as I see convenient;
 My love and my revenge.

SONG 83. *Sung by DAMETAS: in Midas.*

To a tune in the pantomime of Fortunatus.

ALL about the May-pole how they trot!
 Hot-
 Pot

And brown a'e have got!

Shouting,

Routing,

At you flouting;

Sneering,

Fltering,

And what not?

All a'out the May-pole, &c.

There is old SILENO frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad,

To see us so sad:

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring,

While POL scrap'ring,

Coaxes

The doxies

As he did the dad.—

All about the May pole, &c.

SONG 84. *Sung by PAN: in Midas.*

Tune: My wife's a galloping young thing, &c.

SHALL he run away with the lasses,
Because he a snug ruddy face has,
For me, who at fairs and horse-races
Have pip'd to the laird o' the clan?

A fribble—If I can but catch him,
I'll pummel—I'll mangle—I'll scratch him:
I warrant I'll teach him—not match him—
self as musician with PAN.

SONG 85. *Sung by MYRIS: in Midas.*

Tune: Sheelagh ne Gheiragh.

HALF this vexation might set me distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted;
'This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things go contrary to my endeavour:
Daughters projecting their ruin and shame,
Father neglecting the care of their fame,
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper:——
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he'll pay the piper.

SONG 86. *Sung by PAN: in Midas.*

Tune: Planxty Johnson.

WHEN at your foe
A mortal blow
You aim,
Your scheme
Let him not know;
To gain your end,
You must pretend

Sincerely

Sincerely
 And dearly
 To be his friend,
 'Till he cease of your love to be doubtful.

Your game to play,
 Do as at sea,
 Look one but row another way;
 'The dean to fish up
 Lawn sleeves and be bishop,
 Says no to the mitre would fill his whole wish up;
 And pufsey
 Can counterfeit sleeping,
 When moussey
 Steals silently creeping,
 'Till winking,
 Unthinking,
 She catch him,
 Dispatch him,
 And swallow him up at a mouthful.

S O N G 87. *A Duet: in Midas*

Tune: The collier had a daughter, &c.

PAN. **T**HOSE random threats are bare words,
 Fie!—check this idle clutter—
 Go smoothly on—your fair words
 His parsnips will not butter.

MY SIS. Bafe *Carle!*—thus to advise me:
 Is my distress a trifle?
 My sex would all despise me
 Should I my anger stifle.

PAN. These flashy rants—
 MY SIS. Must I, mum-chance,
 Look on and never mutter?
 My rancour hot—

PAN. No; my cool plot

MY SIS. } at once { Shall fouse him } in the gutter.
 PAN. } Will lay him

SONG 88. SILENO's prayer to the Oracle: in
Midas.

Tune: Giles Collin.

O Oracle, oracle, speak, now speak,
If ever you spoke in your life:
Declare all you know, without favour or pique,
Of POL, me, my daughters and wife.

SONG 89. The Oracle's answer to SILENO: in
Midas.

Tune: O ponder well, &c.

THY daughters are two flitting queans,
Thy wife a scolding jade,
Thou, an old fool—yet by POL's means
You'll all, e're night, be made.

SONG 90. Sung by NYSA: in Midas.

Tune: From tree to three, &c.

TO blast a rival's happiness
We ev'ry art employ,
And scarcely can our own success
Convey a purer joy;

In jealousy's unequal scale
Her loss appears our gain:
Unblest ourselves, we seek to steal
A pleasure from her pain.

SONG 91. Sung by DAPHNE: in Midas.

Tune: Quand on scait aimer et plaire, &c.

HE's as tight a lad to see to
As e'er step'd in leather shoe;
And what's better, he loves me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho'

'Tho' my sister casts an hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do:
He o'erlook'd the little doxey,
I'm the girl he means to wooe.

Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue—
If the youth proves true, I'll fit him,
If he's false, I'll fit him too.

S O N G 92. *Sung by POL: in Midas.*

Tune: When on thy dear bosom lying, &c.

L OVELY nymph assuage my anguish;
At your feet a tender swain
Prays, you will not let him languish:
One kind look would ease his pain—

Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long need sue in vain;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports, you
Scarce will meet his like again.

S O N G 93. *Sung by DAPHNE: in Midas.*

Tune: The priest in his boots, &c.

I F you can caper as well as you modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
PAN who was held by our shepherds a god o' late,
Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowsy, his gestures so awkward are,
And his bagpipe was so drowsy a drone,
That if they find you than I did no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

SONG 94. *A Duet: in Midas.*

Tune: Bobbing Joan.

DAPH. **M**Y minikin miss, do you fancy that Poul
E'er can be caught by an infant's doll?

NYSA. And can you, miss May-pole, suppose he will
fall
In love with a giantess of Guild hall?

DAPH. Pigmy elf!

NYSA. Colossus itself!

Both. You will lie 'till you're mouldy, upon the
shelf—

DAPH. You stump i'the gutter! you hop of my thumb!
An husband for you must from Lilliput come.

NYSA. You stalking steeple! you gawky stag!
Your husband must come from Brobd'gnag.

DAPH. Sour grapes!

NYSA. Lead apes.

Both. I'll humble your vanity, mistress trapes.

SONG 95. *Sung by NYSA: in Midas.*

Tune: Allis fur l' Herbettes, &c.

IN those greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine:
Then, his guitar he clatters
With tinkling divine.

But—

But—my sister—
He ki's'd her,
And me he pass'd by—
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye.

SONG 96. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: The Lottery.

O What pleasure will abound
When my wife is laid in ground!
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her
When my wife is laid in ground.

O how happy I should be
Would little NYSA pig with me!
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her!
Would little NYSA pig with me.

SONG 97. *Sung by NYSA: in Midas.*

To a pantomime tune.

NEER will I be left in the lurch—
Cease your bribes and wheedling;
'Till I'm made a wife i'th' church
I'll keep man from meddling.

What are riches
And soft speeches?
Baits and fetches
To bewitch us.

When you've won us
And undone us,
Cloy'd you shun us
And frown on us
For our heedless piddling.

SONG

SONG 98. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: Laury Grogan.

IF into your hen-yard
 The treache ous Reynard
 Steals slyly your poultry to ravage, to ravage ;
 With gun you attack him,
 With beagle you track him,
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage, fell savage.
 So POL who comes picking
 Up my tender chicken,
 No means do I scruple to banish ; — to banish —
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,
 With fraud I'll ensnare him ;
 By hook or by crook he shall vanish, shall vanish.

SONG 99. *Sung by DAMETAS: in Midas.*

Tune: Nanny of the Hill.

SINCE first those eyes enslav'd my heart,
 In size I'm wasted half ;
 My looks betray my inward smart —
 Ah cruel, cruel DAPH! —
Ab cruel, &c.

My vows you slight, you mock my sighs,
 My tears but make you laugh :
 Each parent with my wish complies —
 None frowns but cruel DAPH. —
But cruel, &c.

My love you hate, my person scorn,
 My wealth despise as chaff —
 Yet to that vagabond so lorn,
 To POL you're gentle DAPH. —
You're gentle, &c.

SONG

SONG 100. *Sung by DAPHNE: in Midas.*

Tune: There is a pretty girl and a tenant of my own, &c.

YES, all your wealth I scorn, and your person I
detest, and your *Tol lol de ra, &c.*
No jealous put shall ever find a welcome in my breast,
or my *Tol lol de ra, &c.*

The swain you vilely slander,
Is frank and debonair,
To him you're but a gander——
Go go——that's all your share, of my
Tol lol de ra, &c.

SONG 101. *A Duet: in Midas.*

Tune: Gossip Joan.

DAPH. **W**HY, NY: — you're lost to shame—
Nay, hang me if she blushes——
But glories in her fla——me.
What a brazen front she pushes,
Lost to shame!

NYSA. Why, DAPH:—you're in the suds,
As deep, altho' you his'd her,
As NYSA—but gadsbu——ds!
You might have spar'd a sister,
In the suds.

SONG 102. *Sung by NYSSIS: in Midas.*

To an Italian opera tune.

THE Wolf that slaughter'd finds her whelps
With howling fills the forest;
Their murd'rer tracks with shrilling yelps,
All food neglecting or rest.

So my revenge shall POL pursue,
I'll closely watch his waters:
'Till at the gallows-tree he rue
His wrongs to my poor daughters.

SONG 103. *Sung by NYSA: in Midas.*

Tune: Polwart on the green.

NOW, let your jealous soul
Exult in this black deed.
Ah, DAPH!—was mine a proper scroll
To give mamma to read?

One comfort yet—if POL must swing,
You can't possess his charms—
I'd rather see him in the string
Than circled in your arms.

SONG 104. *Sung by DAPHNE: in Midas.*

Tune: Of all the simple things we do, &c.

HOW could you strive my love to thwart?
You troublesome mischievous chit!
While you must be convinc'd in your heart
That your own you advanc'd not, a whit,
So lies in the manger a cur,
Uneable himself to eat hay;
Yet he snarls,
And quarrels,
And makes such a stir,
That he keeps the starv'd horses away.

SONG 105. *A Trio: in Midas.*

Tune: 'Twas within a furlong of Edinbro' town, &c.

POL. NO fear shall drive me ever hence
From thy, or thy embrace —
DAPH.

DAPH. } What? do you make no defence
 NYSA. } between hers and my } face?
 NYSA. } How? do you give the preference
 to her before my }

DAPH. Well—stay—await the tree——

NYSA. Ay—stay—be hang'd—for me——

POL. The noose
 I chuse,
 Ere I will lose
 Thee, DAPH!——or NYSA, thee;

DAPH. } To me then plight your troth,
 NYSA. } To me now take your oath.

POL. Either to quit I'm loath.

DAPH. Ingrate!

NYSA. False meat!

DAPH. } I hate!——
 NYSA. }

POL. Yet wait——
 Ere night I'll please you both.

DAPH. } To me then plight your troth,
 NYSA. } To me now take your oath.

POL. Either to quit I'm loath.

DAPH. Ingrate!

NYSA. False mate!

DAPH. } I hate
 POL. } Hard fate.
 NYSA. } I hate

DAPH .

DAPH. } To wait;
POL. } Yet wait—
NYSA. } To wait;

DAPH. } At night you can't please }
POL. } Ere night I'll please ye } Both.
NYSA. } By night you can't please }

SONG 106. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: A lovely lass to a fryar came, &c.

IF in the courts your suit depend
Or a grudge if you enter—tain;
Before you make the judge your friend
By a tip behind the curtain.
Then degree goes
Glib against your foes,
'Tho' before it seem'd uncertain.

SONG 107. *Sung by PAN: in Midas.*

Tune: One long Whitsun-holiday, &c.

DO you sign his mittimus,
If you wish
That shrewish
NYSA, pretty mouse,
May be your own Titty-mouse—
Whining,
Resigning,
And pining,
Won't do.

After this bold stroke again
Sure, none will
Dare own ill-
Will, or look blue:
My altars will smoke again.
Boosing,
Carousing,
'They'll pay my rites due.

This

This blest opportunity
Knits us closer in unity,
So we, our community
Rule all,
Secure all
Between me and you.

S O N G 108. *A Duet : in Midas.*

Tune : Thomas I cannot, &c.

MIDAS. **T**HUS arm'd with beer
No pow'r I fear,
For, in my commission my trust is---

PAN. Thus prim'd with ale,
I must prevail
Supported by good Mr. Justice.——

MIDAS. Nymphs will relent---

PAN. Swains shall repent---

MIDAS. Tho' love---

PAN. And these adore us.

Both. When POL's once gone
Then all's our own;
We'll kick the whole county before us,
before us,
We'll kick the whole county before us.

S O N G 109. *Sung by SILENO : in Midas.*

Tune : When I was but a little tiny boy, &c.

WHEN gath'ring clouds obscure the sky,
With a crash-dash,
Flash-flash,
The thunder cracks and the light'ning fly;
Then rain——and all is lullaby.

So, when a vixen's passions swell,
 Tongue all ire,
 Eyes fire,
 Bosom torn----within 'tis hell----
 Then tears fall soft and all is well.

SONG 110. *A Duet: in Midas.*

Tune: The man for life that takes a wife, &c.

MY SIS. **M**ADE!-----to our shame,
 Grandfire and dam
 To a couple of misbegotten cubs.

SILENO. Wife, take my word,
 He's some great lord,
 And none of your sneaking dirty scrubs.
 He'll our fortune make-----

MY SIS. Our hearts he'll break-----

SILENO. The Oracle certainly meant it.

MY SIS. As fool thinks,
 So bell clinks-----

SILENO. You're a fool;

MY SIS. You're an owl:

Both. You will repent it.---As fool, &c.

SONG 111. *Sung by POL: in Midas.*

Tune: By the pale light of the moon.

WHEN Fairies dance round on the grass,
 And frolick, to night's awful noon;
 Each elf, with his tight little lads,
 Trips to the pale light of the moon.

If chance that the grey dawn of day
Break in on their revels too soon,
Disturb'd they all skuttle away,
And follow the glimpse of the moon.

SONG 112. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: A dance of MARANESI'S.

HAVE you seen two figures tugging,
By the magic-lantern on a wall reflected,
Here, the baker struggling—there, the devil lugging,
'Till his prize he hurries off to hell?

Me, thus, conscience, one while, draws,
And to fair dealing my mind's directed—
Lut gipes, anon, with her happy claws
Forcing me to act—what I dare not tell.

SONG 113. *Chorus of Shepherds: in Midas.*

Tune: The Highlanders March.

COME, let's support our patron PAN——
Nor suffer th' old god be run down by a man;
A vagrant, come
With twang strum-strum,
Who pretends
To contend
With our mighty hum-drum.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDESSES, *in response to the former,*

Tune: The second strain of dicto.

Sisters, let us join and chû e POL our protector,
Of all our sports and pastimes be he the director;
His tender notes
Will tune our throats
To love, let's give to him our votes,
And strike the fussy piper dumb, dumb, dumb.

SONG

SONG 114. *Sung by DAMETAS: in Midas.*

Tune: The French peasant's dance.

IF you take my advice,
 You will end it in a trice,
 By joining all your votes with me for PAN:
 Let's bid this spark, go hang
 With his new fangled twang,
 For shepherd-swains he ne'er can be the plan.

Why should we consent t'advance
 This new raree-
 Show vagary.
 Just brought in from France?
 Why, affront our rustic
 Bard, who will by us stick
 When we meet to gambol, carouse or dance.

SONG 115. *Sung by PAN: in Midas.*

Tune: Jack Lattin.

AT fairs and wakes,
 O'er ale and cakes,
 At bridal and at christ'ning;
 The can, the joke
 Pass'd round like smoke,
 While you to PAN sat list'ning.

The kisses smack'd,
 The benches crack'd,
 My drone melodious humming;
 The buxom frisk
 Of planxtries brisk,
 Made lasses kind and coming.

This

This pri's soft squeak
Now hits your freak; —
By mark, if his grimaces
Your girls don't catch —
Perhaps debauch
Your wives before your faces

SONG 116. *Sung by MYsis: in Midas.*

Tune: Baaltioragh.

THANK! ESS! ——— pusillanimous! ———
Still we be thus fickle hearted?
No. ——— Against POL unanimous
Let us from PAN ne'er be parted.

Send the guitar back to courts again;
Fob off this tatterdemallion:
We'll to our innocent sports again.
Fogh upon fashions Italian.

SONG 117. *Sung by SILENO: in Midas.*

Tune: Come hither, country 'squire, &c.

LET a rival your picture draw;
In perfection he'll find out a flaw:
In black he will paint,
Make a devil of a saint,
And change to an Owl a Maccaw.

SONG 118. *Sung by POL: in Midas.*

Tune: No nymph that trips the verdant plains, &c.

TO MIDAS let the churl appeal;
L t MIDAS judge our cause:
No might can over POL prevail
Sustain'd by your applause.

In vain may MIDAS' partial voice
To PAN the chaplet give;
POL honour'd more by your kind choice,
Triumphant still shall live.

SONG 119. *A Duet: in Midas.*

Tune: Bien que j'examine, &c.

NYSA. **S**HEPHERDS, sure you never
Will endeavour
To diseyer
From our favour
So sweet a swain:
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.

DAPH. Shepherds, sure you never, &c.

NYSA. His guittar and grace,

DAPH. His voice, shape and face,

NYSA. Hearts alarming,

DAPH. Bosoms warming,

NYSA. Wrath disarming
With his soft lay.

DAPH. He's so charming,
Ah let him stay!

Both. He's so charming,
Ah let him stay!

NYSA. PAN's pipes are fit for wild rocks and bleak
Mountains;

DAPH. POL's lyre sui's best our cool groves and clear
fountains.

NYSA. PAN is old and musty,
Stiff, tusty,
Sour and crusty:

DAPH.

DAPH. POL is young and merry,
Light, airy,
As a fairy.

NYSA. Can ye banish POL?—no, no.

DAPH. Must PAN fall?—ay, let him go.

Both. Ay,---let him go.

DAPH. PAN's pipes are fit for wild rocks and bleak
mountains;

NYSA. POL's lyre suits best our cool groves and clear
fountains.

DAPH. PAN is old and musty,

NYSA. Stiff, fusty,

Both. Sour and crusty.

DAPH. POL is young and merry,

NYSA. Light, airy,

Both. As a fairy.

DAPH. Can ye banish POL?

NYSA. No, no.

DAPH. Shall PAN fall?

NYSA. Ay,---let him go.

Both. Ay,---let him go.

SONG

SONG 120. *Chorus of Shepherdesses: in Midas.*

Tune: Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

HUZZA, for POL!
 His strains delight us,
 Invte us
 To follow pleasure's call.
 His gay politeness we'll extol:
 PAN's furly, boorish humours,
 fright us.---*Hazza for POL, &c.*

Chorus of Shepherds, to the same tune.

Huzza, for PAN!
 His planxies warm us,
 And from us
 To labours fit for man
 Jolly at trencher and at can,
 He guards our flocks from wolves
 enormous.---*Huzza for PAN, &c.*

Chorus of shepherdesses and shepherds.

At once } Huzza, for POL! &c.
 } Huzza, for PAN! &c.

SONG 121. *Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.*

Tune: The Kettle Bender.

WHAT the devil's here to do? ye loggerheads
 and gypsies!
 Sirrah, you---and huffey, you---and each one of you
 tiply is:
 But, I'll as sure pull down your pride as
 A gun, or as I'm justice MIDAS.

CHORUS of all.

*O tremendous Justice MIDAS!
 Who shall oppose wise Justice MIDAS!*

MIDAS.

MIDAS.

I'm giv'n to understand that you're all in a pother here;
Debating whether PAN or POL shall play another year.

Dare you think your clumsy lungs so proper to decide, as

The delicate ears of justice MIDAS?

CHORUS of all.

Let them be judg'd by justice MIDAS.

Who has either taste or skill, compar'd to justice MIDAS?

O tremendous justice MIDAS!

Who shall oppose wise justice MIDAS?—

Let them be judg'd by justice MIDAS:

Who can boast of taste or skill so great as justice MIDAS?

SONG 122. Sung by MIDAS: in Midas.

Tune: Cease your funning, &c.

NOW I'm feated,
I'll be treated
Like the Sophi on his throne,
In my presence
Scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their souls their own.

My behest is—
He, who best is
Skill'd, be fix'd musician chief:—
Ne'er the loser
Shall shew's nose here,
But transported be like a thief.

SONG 123. Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses: in Midas.

Tune: See the conqu'ring hero comes, &c.

SEE! triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward,
Exil'd POL shall wander far;
Exil'd twang his faint guitar:

F.

While

While, with echoing shouts of praise,
We, the bag-pipes glory raise.

See triumphant, &c.

S O N G 124. *The last song in MIDAS.*

Tune: Push about the brisk bowl, &c.

MIDAS.

WHY! you pitiful scrub!
To create this hubbub,
You must sure have a forehead of brass:
If you fancy, you can
In song rival PAN,
I freely pronounce you an Afs—an Afs:
I freely pronounce you an Afs.

PAN's masculine voice
Does this squeaking boy's
In strength and in sweetness surpass,
As the war-horse's neigh
On an exercise day
Th' untunable bray of an Afs—an Afs:
Th' untunable, &c.

APOLLO.

Thou dunder-head sot!
Thou shalt now go to pot,
As sure as thy name is MIDAS;
Thy scurvy decree
Against my deity
Hath prov'd thee a manifest Afs—an Afs:
Hath prov'd thee, &c.

Dance, I did but sham;
For, APOLLO I am,
God of music and king of Parnass:
But thou, pert and dull,
Who wearest the skull,
E'en wear too the ears of an Afs—an Afs:
E'en wear too, &c.
Thy

Thy rapine, pride, fraud,
 And contempt of a god,
 Have cast thee out from thy own clafs;
 In mufic thy tafte
 Shall be henceforth exprest
 By the mufical bray of an Afs—an Afs:
By the mufical, &c.

To thefe I tranflate
 Thy cafh and eftate
 Extortion's iniquitous mafs;
 And 'quire, 'stead of thee,
 SILENO shall be,
 While thou bray'ft about like an Afs—an Afs:
While thou bray'ft, &c.

Girls, look not fo blank——
 Your beauties I thank
 For the blifs I enjoy on the grafs.
 Ev'ry god that look'd on
 Like me would have done,
 Or elfe his godfhip is an Afs—an Afs:
Or elfe bis, &c.

Depend on this boon,
 Good husbands and foon,
 The young lords ye fee in this glafs;
 Carefs them, while I,
 Recall'd to the fky,
 Make fun of old PAN and MIDAS—MIDAS.
Make fun of, &c.

DAPHNE.

To the bright god of day
 Let us fmg, dance and play;
 Clap hands, ev'ry lad and kind lafs!
 Now, criticks, beware
 How ye carp at our fare:
 Remember the fate of MIDAS—MIDAS.
Remember the fate of MIDAS!

GRAND CHORUS of all.

To the bright god of day
Let us, &c. &c. &c.

End of the Songs in MIDAS.



SONG 125. *On the anniversary feast of the
governors of the Small-pox and inoculation hospitals,
London.*

WHILE joyful here we meet,
Our annual course complete,
Of Charity;
May all now feel its fire;
Its sacred acts admire;
And, while we tune the lyre,
Still lib'ral be.
How god-like to bestow,
On those whom pain and woe
Would soon destroy!
Heav'n wills that all be fed,
Hence blessings round us spread;
That the vast plenty shed
All might enjoy.



Dire foe to blissful ease,
How dreadful's the disease
Which spoils the face!
And, like a raging flame,
Darts through the vital frame,
Its ills, which want a name,
All ills embrace.
Succour'd in such distress,
These objects oft address
The skies in prayer;
For those who heard their cry,
Who, (pity in their eye.)
Did their fierce wants supply
With pious care.

Inocu-

Inoculation hail!
 May thy kind power ne'er fail;
 Beauty's chief friend.
 From thee fly grief and pain:
 Thou bidst health cheer each vein,
 The graces, and their train,
 On thee attend.
 Thrice happy those must be
 Who have recourse to thee
 In life's sweet bloom:
 While most who shun thy aid,
 Of crowded towns afraid,
 In the sequestered shade
 Their years consume.

While thus the hymn we raise
 This charity to praise,
 Ye Angels hear!
 Lays that to virtue tend;
 Which good deeds recommend,
 May to yon spheres ascend,
 And soothe your ear.—
 With **GEORGE** we'll close the strain:—
 Long be our Patron's * reign:
 One glorious day!
 With **GEORGE** we'll **CHARLOTTE** join;
 Bright wreathes for them entwine—
 For ever may their line
 The scepter sway!

SONG 126. *The Bath Ghost.*

IN the days of our fires,
 Strange sights and wild-fires
 Affrighted the girls and the boys;
 But of late old Sir **NICK**
 Has found a new trick,
 And only appears in a noise:

F 3

That

* *His majesty graciously condescended to be the patron
 of these hospitals.*

That it whilom besel,
As we all know too well,
At a Quaker's, whose spirit within
Was put to the rout
By a spirit without,
That made a most terrible din:

Being forely afraid,
He called to his aid
All sorts of good people to save him;
Who readily went,
With a pious intent,
For fear lest the devil should have him.

The peers and the commons
Submit to his summons,
For the sake of so worthy an host:
Much company came,
Who were brought by the fame
Of this terrible noise of a ghost.

Secure, by their charms,
From danger and harms,
The ladies came thither likewise:
But how could the sprite
Believe it was night,
Whilst they made it day with their eyes?

How blest is our isle,
Where such graces do smile?
What nation can boast so much merit;
Where beauties so bright,
In the dead of the night,
Defy both the flesh and the spirit?

Thus strengthened, mine host
Did vapour and boast,
And bounce like a stout valiant jaylor?
In his own wise conceit,
Was wholly as great,
If not greater than Fox or the Nailor.

But

But dreadful, alas!
 When midnight was past,
 When by constant experience 'tis found,
 And children can tell,
 Before they can spell,
 That ghosts, like the watch, take their round.

Then a noise from afar,
 Like a drumming to war,
 Made every visage look pale;
 The blood from each part
 Flew swift to the heart,
 And the spirits found vent at the tail.

Tho' shocking the smell,
 Yet, it happened full well,
 For it kept all the ladies from fainting;
 But to shew us each face,
 What a pity it was,
 That HOGARTH was not there with his painting?

Thus we fairly, I think,
 Account for the stink;
 But what the strange drumming should be,
 Oh! hard to believe it,
 Who would ever conceive it?
 'Twas the captain's great dog and a flea:

SONG 127.

WHEN LUNA, pale with solemn mein,
 O'erlook'd the spreading trees,
 And all attentive was the scene,
 Nor whispered once a breeze:
 Upon a dewy bank reclin'd,
 Poor DAMON breath'd his sighs,
 'Till tears relieved: then ' Fate unkind,
 ' And wretched me' he cries.
 ' Farewell, my CLOE, farewell all
 ' That used to charm thy swain;
 ' Nor time, nor admonition's call,
 ' Can ease my DAMON's pain.

* Nor thou, my pipe, whose echoing voice
 * Has charmed my love and me,
 * And, when the tune was CLOE's choice,
 * Redoubled melody.

* O how can I forget each scene,
 * (Or thinking fail to die)
 * Of sportive innocence between
 * My faithful love and I!
 * How charming passed each pleasing hour,
 * In which the fragrant grove,
 * The purling stream, and mantling bower,
 * Beheld our mutual love!

* How sweet the smile that deck'd her face,
 * When near her lips I drew!
 * But smiles and kisses (cruel case,)
 * From henceforth all adieu.
 * The blushing rose was in her cheek,
 * The diamond in her eye;
 * And with her white and filken neck
 * No lilly fair could vie.

* So tender, gentle, kind, and sweet,
 * To virtue's rules so bound,
 * Go search, but search in vain to meet
 * With like the village round;
 * So made to charm her shape and air,
 * When tripping o'er the green,
 * The sighing swains surveyed the fair,
 * And call'd her beauty's queen.

* Forgive me then, each nymph and swain,
 * Nor blame my sighs sincere,
 * But, when ye pass where CLOE's lain,
 * Let pity drop a tear.

Thus DAMON told his tale severe,
 'Till inward turned the tide;
 Then, overcome with deep despair,
 He broken hearted dy'd.

SONG.

SONG. 128. *On Lotteries.*

A LOTT'RY, like a magic spell,
 All ranks of men bewitches,
 Whose beating bosoms vainly swell
 With hopes of sudden riches:
 With hope to gain TEN THOUSAND POUND,
 How many post to ruin,
 And for an empty, airy sound,
 Contrive their own undoing!

Those on whom wealth her stores had shed,
 May firmly bear these crosses;
 But they who earn their daily bread,
 Oft sink beneath their losses.
 'Tis strange, so many fools we find,
 By tickets thus deluded,
 And by a trifling turn of mind
 From life's best bliss excluded.

For life's best blessing, calm content,
 Attends no more his slumbers,
 Who dreams of profit, cent. per cent.
 And sets his heart on numbers.
 Thro' all life's various stages, care
 Our peace will oft disquiet;
 Like a free-gift it comes, we ne'er
 Need be in haste to buy it.

He who, intent on shadowy schemes,
 By them is deeply bubbled,
 Deserves to wake from golden dreams,
 With disappointment doubled.
 Unmoved by Fortune's fickle wheel,
 The wise man chance despises;
 And prudence courts with fervent zeal—
 She gives the highest prizes.

SONG 129. *The toast; a catch.*

GIVE the toast, my good fellow, be blithsome
 and gay,
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!
 Here's the king—take your bumpers, my brave Irish
 souls,
 Who guards your fair freedom, should grace your full
 bowls.
 Let him live—long and happy, see LEWIS is brought
 down,
 And taste all the comforts (no cares) of a crown.

SONG 130. *On the Royal Nuptials.*

HYMEN to thee our pray'rs ascend;
 To thee fair Albion's sov'reigns bend;
 Thy fragrant roses strow:
 Their hands let smiling concord join;
 VENUS a myrtle wreath intwine
 For GEORGE and CHARLOTTE's brow.

See the brisk hours on rosy wing
 From morn's bright portal jocund spring,
 To hail the happy day;
 Whilst slow retires the Hesperian star,
 Phœbus impatient mounts his car,
 And beams his brightest ray.

Look through the radiant lists of time:
 Seest thou in any age or clime
 A nation blest'd like this?
 A king whose will's the people's voice,
 A queen whose worth's the people's choice;
 Accumulate its bliss.

Whilst, glad to cull each blooming flow'r,
 And deck, bright pair, your nuptial bow'r,
 Light frisk the purple loves,
 Reason with jov the work surveys
 And virtue, smiling as they gaze,
 Their busy care approves.

Thought

Though idle fops, still prone to change,
 Like the gay bee incessant range,
 'Tis folly deems them free :
 Ye know to yield in virtue's cause ;
 To bend the will to reason's laws
 Is real liberty.

No wild desires can joy impart ;
 They please the sense, ne'er reach the heart,
 Evaporate and cloy :
 Who still pursue but never fix,
 Nor mental charms with sensual mix,
 Possess, but ne'er enjoy.

HYMEN, far nobler gifts are thine ;
 Each social joy, each bliss divine,
 That glads the human breast :
 Thine is th' extatic mutual glow ;
 'Tis you the sacred gift bestow,
 In blessing to be blessed.

To monarchs power, to subjects friends,
 Nature with kind distinction sends
 From her eternal spring :
 But, link'd in HYMEN's sicken chain,
 Monarchs the various bliss attain
 Of subject and of king.

Though sense and mind, which man compose,
 Designed as friends, disjoined as foes,
 To diff'rent objects tend ;
 Yet bound in HYMEN's sacred ties,
 The low, the high, discording joys
 Of sense and reason blend.

See the gay bubbles round us play ;
 Still as we grasp they flit away,
 Emblems of human toys !
 But children lasting pleasures give ;
 In them to future times we live,
 And gather future joys.

If such the bliss of HYMEN's state;
 What joys, blessed pair, on you await!
 Beauty and friendship joined;
 Beauty, to fill each raptur'd sense:
 Whilst friendship's vital powers dispense
 The rapture to the mind.

And, when we look to that dread hour
 When GEORGE and CHARLOTTE are no more,
 This hope illumines the breast:
 Still in their offspring they shall sway;
 We in our sons shall hail this day,
 In future ages blessed.

S O N G 131. *On the same occasion.*

SHE comes! I see her from afar,
 Refulgent as the morning star,
 Or as the mid-day sun:
 Conduct her, Heav'n, across the deep
 Lay the unruly winds asleep!
 Heav'n spake, and it was done.
 Th' obedient waves on the smooth surface glide,
 And pay due homage to their sov'reign's bride.
 Inured too long to martial noise,
 She comes to taste the envy'd joys
 Of glory and repose;
 No more to hear the orphan's cry,
 The heart-felt pang, the plaintive sigh,
 Nor dread approaching foes.
 Boast then, O! boast the triumph of thine eyes;
 The best of princes is CHARLOTTE's prize.

And see! the royal youth appears,
 Mature in glory, ripe in years,
 Britannia's darling care.—
 Tell me, ye envious distant pow'rs,
 What isle can boast a king like ours,
 What isle a queen so fair?
 Illustrious monarch, thou hast gained from Heav'n
 Its choicest gift; What more could it have giv'n?
 Immortal

Immortal HYMEN, to whose care
 Belong the solemn rites, prepare
 To crown the happy day!
 Ye muses, sweep the sounding lyre!
 Exert your warm poetic fire
 To chace the hours away,
 'Till GEORGE receive her to the nuptial Bed;
 'Till innocence with royal virtue wed.

And, when in living verse ye tell
 How Britain rul'd, how Gallia fell,
 In his auspicious reign,
 Her beauty's empire shall be sung:
 Her merit, praised by ev'ry tongue,
 Shall close the grateful strain:
 "Long may she boast the triumph of her eyes;
 "Long may the best of princes be her prize!"

S O - N G 132. *Hunting.*

THE morning is charming, all nature is gay,
 Away, my brave boys, to your horses away;
 For the prime of our pleasure, and questing the hare,
 We have not so much as a moment to spare.

CHO. *Hark! the lively toned horn,
 How melodious it sounds, how melodious it sounds,
 To the musical song, to the musical song of the
 merry-mouth'd hounds.*

In yon stubble fields we shall find her below;
 Soho! cries the huntsman; hark to him, soho!
 See! see where she goes, and the hounds have a view;
 Such harmony HANDEL himself never knew.

CHO. *Gates, hedges, and ditches to us are no bounds,
 But the world is our own while we follow the
 bounds.*

Hold, hold, 'tis a double; hark, hey! Bowler, hey!
 If a thousand gainsay it, a thousand shall lye;

Hic

His beauty surpassing, his truth has been tryed,
At the head of the pack an infallible guide.

CHO. *At his cry the wide welkin with thunder resounds,
The darling of hunters, the glory of hounds.*

O'er highlands and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry;
So match'd in their mouths, and so even they run,
Like the time of the spheres, and the race of the sun.

CHO. *Health, joy, and felicity, dance in the rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.*

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare (though a stout one) begins to decline;
A chace of two hours or more she has led;
She's down, look about ye, they have her, she's dead.

CHO. *How glorious a death to be honoured with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.*

Here's a health to all hunters, and long be their lives,
May they never be crost by their sweethearts or wives,
May they rule their own passions, and ever at rest,
As the most happy men, be they also the best.

CHO. *And free from the care which the many surrounds,
Be happy at last when they see no more hounds.*

SONG 133. *For the Catch-Club at the Phoenix
in Werburgh-street.*

Tune: Come let us prepare.

WHEN the deity's word,
Throughout Chaos was heard,
And in order uprose this vast ball, fir,
The spheres sung his praise,
Who from discord could raise,
This Harmony, Harmony all, fir.

Each child of the earth,
The chorus sung forth,

Te

Te-deums were gratefully given;
 Land, sea and skies rung,
 With creation's glad song;
 And Harmony echo'd thro' Heaven.

'Tis music who's charms
 Each fierce passion disarms,
 As we find by unhappy king SAUL, fir,
 When his harp DAVID tuned,
 Madness sunk at the sound,
 For sense comes at Harmony's call, fir.

The spider inflam'd,
 Tarantula nam'd,
 With his sting will each victim, appal, fir,
 But music is sure,
 The sad patient to cure,
 For health comes at Harmony's call, fir.

TIMOTHEUS had skill,
 To curb PHILIP's son's will,
 With a touch made his heart rise or fall, fir,
 He in tune put his breast,
 Then let love do the rest,
 For love comes at Harmony's call, fir.

EURIDICE's swain,
 By his sense-lulling strain,
 Could the forest's wild tenants enthral, fir,
 Nay stones we can prove,
 Will obedient move,
 At Harmony's, Harmony's call, fir.

Man and beast will decay,
 Rocks and seas sink away,
 The great globe must to ruin resign, fir,
 Yet in Heaven above,
 Still will music and love,
 Eternal in Harmony join, fir.

This night let us strive,
 To keep humour alive,

But

But first we'll this bumper dispatch, fir,
 Let him, who sings best,
 Sing a song for the rest,
 Or join as he ought in a catch, fir.

S O N G 134. *Sung by Free-Masons, after making an entered apprentice.*

C O M E, let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Met together on merry occasion;
 Let's drink, laugh and sing,
 Our wine has a spring:
 Here's a health to an Accepted Maſon.

CHO. *Let's drink, laugh, &c.*

The world is in pain,
 Our secrets to gain,
 But still let them wonder and gaze on,
 * 'Till they're shewn the light,
 They'll never know the right
 Word, or sign of an Accepted Maſon.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what;
 Why ſo many great men in the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one
 With a free and an Accepted Maſon.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their ſwords,
 This our myſt'ry to put a good grace on;
 And ne'er been aſham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an Accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's

• *The three laſt lines of this verſe are ſometimes thus:*

They ne'er can divine,
 The word or the ſign
 Of a free and an Accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
It makes each man just in his station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be understood
By a free and an Accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
We're just to the fair,
They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an Accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand
To each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright face on:
No mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an Accepted Mason.

CHORUS.

*No mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an Accepted Mason.*

Thrice repeated in due form:

To all the worthy fraternity round the globe.

S O N G 135.

O Greedy MIDAS, I've been told,
That what you touch you turn to gold;
O had I but a pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.
I'd turn, &c.

Each purling stream should feel my force;
Each fish my fatal power mourn;
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
Should in their native regions burn.

Nor

Nor should there any dare t'approach
 Unto my mantling, sparkling shrine,
 But first should pay their votes to me,
 And stile me only god of wine.

S O N G 136. *The Wishes.*

SINCE wishing's the fashion, shall we baulk the
 strain,
 And, while bards are wishing, in silence remain?
 By Jove 'twould be shameful, it never shall be,
 Then join worthy Britons in wishing with me.
Then join, &c.

The first wish I make (to the heav'ns let it ring)
 Is honour, and pleasure, and health to the king;
 May he reign long and happy, each gift may he share
 And his fame be as great, as his virtue is rare.

The next for the queen; may the winds waft her o'er,
 In safety to taste all the joys of our shore;
 May the charms of her prudence, her beauty transcend,
 An amiable consort, companion, and friend.

All rapture and purity, oh! may their bed,
 By the loves and the graces, with roses be spread:
 May an offspring succeed (can we better desire?)
 As bright as the mother, as wise as the fire.

May the seasons press forward, their senses to greet,
 And the hours dance around them, with down on their
 feet;
 No cloud to o'ershade 'em, no thorn in their ways,
 But love, wealth, and glory, increase with their days.

S O N G 137.

COME, let us drink, and drown all sorrow,
 For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we may not
 For perhaps we may not meet here to-morrow.

He

He that goes to bed, goes to bed, goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do,
Falls as the leaves do in October.

This will cure the head-ach, the cough and the phthisis,
This is to all men, this is to all men,
This is to all men the best of physic.

S O N G 138. *The Pimp's.*

Tune: Come let us prepare, &c.

YE pimps all draw near,
And I'll make it appear,
That a pimp is no rascally station;
And that pimps we are all,
(I aver) great and small,
From the head to the tail of the nation.

The priest it is plain,
For the lucre of gain,
None religion exalts to the sky, *sirs.*
And will meekly declare,
That no nymph is so fair,
Tho' he knows all the time——'tis a lye, *sirs.*

The grave judge of the bench,
Will swear there's no wench
Like justice, so safe and so sound, *sirs.*
Tho' he looks without guile,
Yet he knows all the while
She's been pox'd by the lawyers all round, *sirs.*

The doctor so grave,
Is as arrant a knave,
And a pimp to a lady call'd health, *fir,*
Tho' the son of a whore,
Has debauch'd her before,
And now sells her for chariot and wealth, *Gr.*

The

The player I ween,
Pimps for tragedy's queen,
And for comedy seldom refuses;
The manager's soul
Is a pimp to his coal,
And the poet's a pimp to the muses.

The soldier and tar,
Are the pimps of the war,
And the beau is a pimp by profession;
The statesman, 'tis true,
Give the devil his due,
Is no pimp—but the bawd of the nation.

SONG 139. *The Kildare Hunt, a cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

WHILE o'er his bags the sordid slave,
Or o'er his books the sophist grave;
Improves the coffer or the mind,
But ah, no happiness can find;
Such the effects of vain desire,
Still wanting what we can't acquire.

AIR.

Tune: *Let the tempest of war.*

May the joys of my soul, be exempt from controul,
Unincumber'd with fear or with pain;
With the sons of the chase, I'd each pleasure embrace,
Of the bottle, the bowl, or the plain.

Then to Kildare away, where the bucks ever gay,
Share the charms of the bowl and the field:
With them I'd enjoy, what can never annoy,
The pleasures which either can yield.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

But ah! too soon the rosey cheek
Of ruddy youth will fade away,
And wrinkled age infirm and weak,
Bring on the winter of decay.

FRENCH-HORN AIR.

*Then ye bucks who love the sport,
To the Kildare hunt repair,
There the sons of mirth resort,
Free from sorrow, void of care;
Horns sounding
Joy abounding;
Echo fills the air.
Nature joins the jovial lay,
Haste,—nature's strains obey.*

*Lo! the deer unharbour'd flies,
Trembling o'er the verdant glade;
Now for cover see she tries,
And implores the thicket's aid.*
Horns sounding, &c.

*See with eager joy the hounds,
Snuff the sportive chace pursue;
Hill and dale their cry resounds,
While the flying deer's in view.*
Horns sounding, &c.

*Foremost in the jovial train,
View a martial form and mein;
Hark his voice delights the plain,
As his presence glads the scene.*
Horns sounding, &c.

Thus

Thus † ORION, fam'd of yore,
Taught each azure hill the cry,
Will the gods—could gods do more?
Made him ranger of the sky.

Horns sounding, &c.

SONG 140. *The Loyal Toasts.*

*Wrote before the cessation of arms. Tune: Push about
the brisk bowl, &c.*

SIX subjects as loyal the kingdom can prize,
To toast it they met at the star:
Divinity, physic, a lawyer, likewise
A merchant, mechanic, and tar, and tar,
A merchant, mechanic, and tar.

The bowl being brought, then their bumpers they
charg'd,
And mov'd the divine to begin:
I'm ready, he said, and his voice he enlarg'd,
With long life, and success to the king, the king, &c.

Then physick he lean'd on his gold-headed cane,
And with gravity took up his glass:
Here's wishing our subjects united remain,
Then the toes of our land's but a farce, a farce, &c.

The lawyer he eagerly then took a snuff,
Th' expedition he had in his view:
Here's to HAWKE, and all others that stick by the stuff,
Whate'er they attack to subdue, subdue, &c.

Here's wishing the war on with vigour may go,
Said the merchant, tho' assurance us fleece:
Two years more such conquests, shall make them to know,
That on our own terms, we'll have peace, have
peace, &c.

The

† *A constellation in the Southern hemisphere.*

The mechanic he wish'd that Great Britain's allies;
 With zeal and true courage may fight;
 Like Britons of old, who so freedom did prize,
 And bravely defended their right, their right, &c.

Plague them, quoth JACK TAR, who'd hurt GEORGE
 and PITT,
 Make a cell in the bastile their room;
 The worth of true freedom know, by wanting it,
 And cuckol'd by priests be their doom, their doom,
 &c.

BRITANNIA appearing, she did them caress,
 Boys! I have a son of my own;
 On whose royal bosom, freedom is impress,
 'Tis GEORGE the third now on the throne, &c.

SONG 141. *On the birth of the Prince of Wales.*

TO GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, happy pair,
 A son is born, a royal heir,
 Bring ev'ry gem from chrystals bed,
 To crown the lovely infant's head:
 Britons all hail th' auspicious morn,
 When GEORGE and CHARLOTTE's son was born.

SONG 142. *On the conquest of the Havannah.*

Tune: The Twitcher.

NOW England's victorious,
 Our conquests more glorious,
 Than thote of ELIZA or ANNA;
 Freedom drew Honour's sword,
 Courage gave us the word,
 And our hearts of oak storm'd the Havannah. *brave boys,*
And our hearts of oak storm'd the Havannah.

For

For Quebec, Montreal,
 Martinique, Senegal,
 With sorrow each Frenchman looks wan-ah!
 And I'll hold ten to one,
 That each whisker-cheek'd don,
 Seems as queer for the loss of Havannah, *brave boys,*
&c.

France and Spain would intrigue
 In a family league,
 And Austria must join in the clan-ah!
 Yet though Polish count BRUHL
 Clubb'd the weight of his skull,
 All their heads could not save the Havannah, *brave boys,*
&c.

Our ground we made good,
 For determin'd we stood,
 To conquer or die to a man-ah!
 With our broadsides and cheers
 We have deafen'd the ears,
 And dum-founded the dons at Havannah, *brave boys, &c.*

Our commanders we knew
 Were resolv'd to go through,
 Unanimity strengthened their plan ah!
 Along Cuba's coast,
 But we Britons won't boast,
 Nor shall Spaniards now boast the Havannah, *brave*
boys, &c.

Once Spain in bravado
 Sent here an Armado,
 But DRAKE drubb'd them out of their plan ah!
 In return for their treat,
 We dispatch'd a stout fleet,
 To drub the dons out of Havannah, *brave boys, &c.*

See BRITANNIA advance,
 Conquests wreath on her lance,

Magnani-

Magnanimity marshals her plan ah!
 Fame rejoiced spreads her wings,
 Hark exulting the fings,
 British heroes have won the Havannah, *brave boys, &c.*

S O N G 134. *The Pea-e-Soup-Maker; or, a new
 mess at the B--df--rd Head.*

Tune: Ye medley of mortals, &c.

O F late we have heard of a laird in high station,
 Determin'd to give a treat to the nation;
 A mess of pea-e soup, he has order'd, 'tis said,
 To be cook'd in a trice at the old B—df—rd head.
Sing tantara-rara cooks all, cooks all.
Sing tantara-rara cooks all.

The cooks all attended his call, you may guess,
 Where puzzling their brains, how to cook up the mess;
 Each politic noddle reflected and reason'd,
 That the people would certainly like it well season'd.

But my laird of the Boot us'd to oatmeal and water,
 To crowdy and gruel——knew nought of the matter,
 Most strongly advis'd 'em with frugal patience,
 To leave out the seas'ning, and save the expence.

If this be the case then, how Britons will lock!
 Turn sick at the porridge, and rail at the cook;
 For who but a Sc—tf—n could relish such stuff?
 So prithee my laird——make it season'd enough.

If the true Attic salt should be wanting, I fear
 The French will rejoice, and the Hollanders sneer;
 Poor Eng'and dejected would sink down her head,
 And Sc—tf—n grow fat on the Englishmen's bread.

Then rouse hearts of oak! ——from your lethargy rise!
 'Tis time, my good friends, you should open your eyes;
 You have fought——you have conquer'd——your honour
 increase,
 Nor suffer your fame to be soil'd with a p—e.

No longer let bunglers in cook'ry pretend,
To poison their tastes for their own private end:
Insipid soup meagre, or crowdy, or sallad,
Are not strong enough for Englishmen's palate.

Let your soup, if you have it, be lasting and strong,
To stick to the ribs of the old and the young:
High season'd and rich, it will add to your vigour,
And give you fresh courage to draw sword or trigger.

Then 'bate not a grain of your seas'ning at least,
Your spirit maintain e'er, your pow'rs decreas'd:
'To be gull'd of your glory, ne'er let it be said,
But down with the boot, and the old B—d—d head.

S O N G 144. *The Masquerade.*

Wrote by Mr. GARRICK, and sung originally at Ranelagh gardens, near London.

YE medley of mortals that make up the throng,
Spare your wit for a moment and list to my song;
What you'd not expect here, my wit shall be new,
And what is more strange ev'ry word shall be true.
*Sing tantara-rara truth all, truth all,
Sing tantara-rara truth all.*

Not a toy in the place you'll buy cheaper than mine,
Bring your lasses to me and you'll save all your coin;
The ladies alone, will pay dear for my skill,
For if they will hear me, their tongues must lie still.
Sing tantara-rara, mute all, &c.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,
Yet they practise all day, what they seem to despise;
Examine mankind, from the great, to the small,
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.
Sing tantara-rara, mask all, &c.

The parson, brimful of October and grace,
With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy face;

Will

Will rail at our doing—but when it is dark,
The doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.

Sing tantara rara, mask all, &c.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and cock'd
hat,
Who with wounds! he did this, and d's-blood he'll do
that;

When he comes to his trial he fails in his part,
And proves that his looks are but masks to his heart.

Sing tantara-rara, mask all, &c.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,
Shews letters from wives, and appointments from
whores:

But a creature so modest, avoids all disgrace,
For how would he blush, should he meet face to face?

Sing tantara rara, mask all, &c.

The courtiers and patriots, 'mongst other fine things,
Will talk of their country, and love of their kings;
But their masks will drop off, if you shake but the pelf,
And shew king and country all center'd in self.

Sing tantara-rara, mask all, &c.

With an outside of virtue, Miss SQUEAMISH the
prude,
If you touch her, she faints; if you speak, you are rude;
Thus she's prim, and she's coy, 'till her blossoms are
gone,
And when mellow, she's pluck'd by the coachman or
JOHN.

Sing tantara-rara, mask all, &c.

With a grave mask of wisdom, say physic and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's no
flaw;

'Till death and the judge have decreed, they look big;
Then you find you have trusted—a full-bottom'd wig!

Sing tantara-rara, mask all, &c.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find, that his next is a cheat;

But if, O ye mortals, these tricks ye pursue;
 * You at last cheat yourselves—and the devil cheats you.
Sing tantara rara, mask all, &c.

SONG 145. *The Congress: or, a devise to lower
 the land tax.*

HERE you may see the happy congress,
 All now is done with such a bon-grace,
 No English wight can surely grumble,
 Or cry, out tr—ty makers fumble.

Doodle, doodle, doo, paw paw paw, paw paw.

Who would not for a p—ce like this,
 Replete with ev'ry kind of blis,
 Give a l our c—q—sts, all our gain-a,
 And glory in the highland thane a.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Our manners now we all will change-a,
 Talk Erse and get the Sc—tt—sh mänge-a,
 On oatmeal haggise, we will feed-a,
 And Smithfield beasts no more shall bleed-a.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

A tartan plaid each child shall wear-a,
 With bonnets blue we'll deck our hair-a,
 And make an act, that no one may put
 A felt, or beaver, on his caput. .

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Then strut with Caledonian pride,
 SHAKESPEARE and MILTON fling aside,
 On bag-pipes play, and learn to sing all,
 Th' achievements of the mighty FINGAL.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

In gratitude all this we owe-a,
 For saving us from beaten foe-a,
 And is the least we surely can do,
 For to regain lost Newfoundl--do.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

SONG



When Statesmen miscarry and things go awry,
The coffee-house grumblers their rancour let fly,
And snarl, snap and worry——yet know not for why.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

Muckle glee fills the heart of brave Sawney the Scot,
Because he has stily the upper hand got,
The Englishman grumbles—because he has not.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

Some grumblers possess'd of more money than sense,
Complain of the land-tax, the war and expence,
The conquest brings ruin——they plead for defence.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

The poor people grumble about the strong beer,
Our soldiers and sailors too grumble for fear,
Of losing the dollars—they hope to bring here.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

The Pittamites grumble at HOGARTH's new print,
With countenance crabbed, they just take a squint,
And swear from JOHN BULL—he has pilfer'd the hint.
O the rum grumblers, &c.

Old FORMAL exclaims thus against the qu—n's a—,
“What pity the author unpunish'd should pass?
“Let them grumble, cries HAL—while I add to the
mass.”
O the rum grumblers, &c.

Thus grumbling and growling from morning 'till
night,
The nation remains in a terrible plight!
For grumbling will never—set matters to right.
O the rare grumblers, &c.

Then let us not into such strange madness fall,
And loudly for peace, and no peace rave and bawl;
But pray for a good one—or else none at all.
*O the rum grumblers of England!
And O the old English grumblers!*

SONG 148.

On making a memorable general peace, written by the Earl of C——; in the FABLE of which there is so interesting a MORAL, (exclusive of its striking drolery) that the public will be highly pleased with this, among the many other choice pieces of humour.—
Tune: A begging we will go.

TWO Welchmen, partners in a cow,
Reolv'd to sell her dear:
They laid their heads together how
To do't at Ludlow fair.

*Fal de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol,
de rol, de rol, de dol, dol da.*

'Twas on a sultry summer's day,
When on they drove the beast;
And having got about half way,
They laid them down to rest:

The cow, a creature of no breeding;
The place with grass being stor'd,
Fed by, and while she was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty t—d.

ROGER, quoth HUGH, I'll tell thee what,
Two words and I have done:
If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
The cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth ROGER, 'tis agreed,
And to't he went a pace;
He was so eager set, 'tis said,
That he forgot his grace.

He labour'd with his wooden spoon,
And up he flopp'd the stuff;
'Till by the time that half was done,
He felt he had enough.

He

He felt, but scorning to look back,
Would seem still to want more;
And then he made a fresh attack,
As vigorous as before.

But stopping short a-while, he cry'd,
How fares it, neighbour HUGH?
I hope by this thou'rt satisfy'd,
Who's master of the cow.

Ay, ay, quoth HUGH, the devil choke thee,
For nothing else will do't;
I'm satisfy'd that thou hast broke me,
Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out, quoth ROGER, that were fine,
Why what have I been doing!
Yet I will tell thee, friend of mine,
I will not seek thy ruin.

My heart now turns against such gains,
I know thou'rt pituous poor;
Eat thou the half that still remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's blessing on thy heart, quoth HUGH,
That proffer none can gainlay,
With that he readily fell to,
And eat his share of tansey.

And now, quoth HUGH, there is no doubt
either side much winner;
So had we been, quoth HUGH, without
This d——n——d confounded dinner.

The MORAL.

Thus princes war with equal rage,
Through sacred thirst of power;
This gains a battle, that a siege,
So 'tis as 'twas before.

Our fate we farther must allow,
 This moral to afford ;
 At length they join to eat the cow,
 Their subjects eat the t—d.

SONG 149. *The Dargle.*

*Sung in the admirable pantomime called, A trip to the
 Dargle; or, the Irish wedding: performed at the
 theatre royal in Crow-street.*

COME haste to our wedding ye friends and ye
 neighbours,
 The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;
 Forget all your sorrows, your cares and your labours,
 And let ev'ry heart beat with pleasure all day.
 Love's votaries all
 Attend to my call,
 Come revel in raptures that never can cloy :
 Come———see,
 Our felicity,
 Who all the sweets of the *Dargle* enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
 Still rule uncontroll'd in the breasts of the great ;
 To those turbulent passions we give no admision,
 But leave them alone to the fools of the state :
 We boast of no wealth
 But contentment and health ;
 In mirth, love and friendship our moments employ,
 Come———see, &c.

Yet reason we mix with each innocent pleasure,
 And temp'rately drink of the full flowing bowl,
 Be liberal, not licentious, our measure,
 Lest fatal excess should o'erwhelm the free soul :
 Then fly at my bidding
 To this happy wedding,
 No care shall intrude, our bliss to annoy,
 Come———see, &c.

SONG 150. *A new Buck's Song.**Tune: Ye medley of mortals, &c.*

COME mirth call on music, call music on song,
 Come frolic-filled fancy bring genius along;
 Come MOMUS, come COMUS, come Bucks, hark away;
 Here's to NIMROD our founder, a bumper, hurra.
Sing tantara rara, burra, burra,
Sing tantara-rara, burra.

Heroic SEMIRAMIS, Babylon's queen,
 Great NIMROD's regalia and records had seen,
 She the order renew'd, came herself as a guest,
 And always from thence wore a Buck at her breast.

She call'd a divan, her spouse NINUS dethron'd,
 'Cause no Buck he would be, for no monarch was own'd.
 To her ladies this speech made, let Bucks alone win ye,
 And each fool be nick-nam'd from NINUS a Ninny.

'Tis by women each Buck, at true honour arrives,
 The first race of Bucks were made Bucks by their wives:
 When for glory the Greeks round the world us'd to roam,
 Each wife a true Buck, dubb'd her hero at home.

This order like light quickly spread o'er the earth,
 Its harbingers Friendship and Freedom went forth;
 Great NIMROD appear'd, in our lodge, took his post,
 Love and Wit his supporters, and Honour his host.

From the archives of Ægypt our charter he brought,
 That wealth springs from industry, to his bucks taught;
 Instructions through life for our sake did advise;
 And that golden rule formed, to be merry and wise.

He stamp'd the Bucks charter; he formed the first
 grand,
 Unanimity gave, as the word of command:
 To each ranger, each forester, this did promise,
 Since Bucks you're become, boys, be merry and wise.

From

From BACCHUS our name is, tho' some say from JOVE,
 For he was the first like a Buck who made love;
 To a bull for the sake of EUROPA he turns,
 And bequeath'd to the man she should marry, his horns.

CADMUS THESEUS, HERCULES, JASON, and others,
 Set sail in their Argo, like brave Bucks and brothers.
 The ladies of Colchis elected each stranger,
 As JASON was chose by MEDEA her ranger.

Some say that ACTEON, because he wore horns,
 Must needs be a Buck, but that tale each Buck scorns;
 Had he been one of us, in DIANA's surprise,
 He'd not stood like a fool, but— been merry and wise.

To conclude, let us rise Bucks, and hand in hand
 join,
 And a Buck's unanimity shew by this sign!
 We bow to our grand, and acknowledge his sway,
 And pronounce in full chorus, *mem. con.* We obey.

S O N G 151.

Tune: Old Sir Simon the King.

A Buxom young girl keeps a *yard*,
 And she too for ever is cleaning
 The *stones*, which are pure, smooth and hard,
 And as white as the dear creature's linen:
 Not far from this *yard* she's a house,
 The like is ne'er seen in a cent'ry;
 But what's very odd, the young blouze
 Each night puts the *yard* in her *entry*.

An old woman of fourscore and one,
 That hardly a custard could mumble,
 Who long had been us'd to the sun,
 And many stout things had made humble;
 She still remain'd sound at the root,
 As at fifteen when she did begin it.
 And each night she enjoys the fruit,
 By getting the *stalk* within it.

F I N I S.

in JOVE.

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his horns.

and others,

others.

orns,

scorns;

and wife.

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